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National Anti-Slavery Standard.

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Pro-Slavery.

UNWELCOME PRAISE.

THE approval by the Anti-Slavery Convention recently held at Albany, at which the Garrisonians and the other original and pure-blooded Abolitionists figured as usual, of Mr. Seward's doctrine of antagonism between the slave and the free States, seems to trouble the friends of the New York Senator, and to create the apprehension that such an accession to Sewardism will be dangerous to the prospects of that gentleman in the Presidential struggle. Possibly such may be the case; but has Mr. Seward any right to complain? Garrison, Phillips, Quincy, and their comrades, have been urging on for years the very "conflict and antagonism" which, in his Rochester speech, was made a part of the platform of Seward, and it is they who have a right to find fault that he is stealing their thunder, rather than he or his friends to find fault with his new associates. If a man voluntarily enters a company whose leading spirits are of known bad repute, he certainly has no right to ask them to leave the premises, lest their presence should damage his reputation.

Bad as the Abolitionists are, and dangerous as their doctrines must be regarded, the leaders in the movement are entitled to the credit of consistency, for they have stuck by a bad cause with a tenacity which proves their earnestness and sincerity. They have denounced slavery and slaveholders with all the venom and bitterness of which the language is capable; they have denounced political parties and Christian Churches for refusing to adopt their creed, and generally have pursued an aggressive course against everybody who failed to see the question of slavery in the same light as themselves. Their conduct and their action have been uniform, however wrong and misdirected.

The Seward men, acting the part of wary politicians, have trod carefully and at a considerable distance in the wake of these pioneers in the "conflict," availing themselves of the benefits, but taking care to evade the responsibilities, of the aggressions upon slavery where it exists, leaving the Anti-Slavery men proper to bear the ignominy, while they appropriated the advantages to be gleaned from the anti-slavery movement. Lately, however, the mutations of politics have rendered a forward movement, in the judgment of Mr. Seward, necessary, and hence the bold avowals made in his Rochester speech; avowals which have secured for him the public endorsement and approval of the Garrison and Fred. Douglass branch of the opposition, as expressed by their resolutions at the Albany Convention. In the language of the report transmitted to us from Albany—

"The resolutions go on to quote the language of Wm. H. Seward respecting an irrepressible conflict between the free and slave States, and found on that a resolution declaring that any party is unworthy of confidence, no matter what its professions may be, if it refuses to attack the institution of slavery itself.

"The resolutions were debated at length by Messrs. Powell, Garrison, Pillsbury and others, and finally adopted."

So that the language of Senator Seward, "respecting an irrepressible conflict between the free and slave States," has the sanction and approval of the Anti-Slavery Society, whose members, we are left to conclude, will cheerfully render their support to that gentleman as a candidate for the Presidency, should he, as now seems highly probable, be nominated for that office.

Upon the principle that "birds of a feather flock together," this harmonious meeting, on a common platform, of Seward and Garrison is most natural, and we may add desirable. Animated by common objects, and having in view similar purposes, it is better that they should act together, and stand before the country as members of the same political organization, working for the same destiny—an "irrepressible conflict" between different sections of the Union.

In this connection we may appropriately refer to the statement of the Philadelphia *Inquirer*, through its Washington correspondent, that large editions of Seward's Rochester speech are being printed, and sent broadcast over the country; upon which *The Tribune* of this city pertinently asks, "If it was made merely to head Gerrit Smith, and elect Mr. Morgan, in New York, why issue it in such numbers from Washington?" The answer to this is, that it was not made "merely to head Gerrit Smith," but primarily and mainly to raise a Presidential issue, which should place Mr. Seward in an attitude to receive the support, in the nominating Convention, of the anti-slavery sentiment in the Opposition, and preclude the possibility of his being beaten in the Convention by Crittenden, Fillmore, Bell, or any other of the more national aspirants for Presidential honors. It was made at the time selected, to operate upon the New York election, so as to concentrate the Gerrit Smith and the entire anti-slavery vote upon Morgan, and thus place the Seward party in power in this State, *as a means* of getting control of a National Convention. The card worked well, and Seward now has every prospect of a triumph over all competition for the Opposition nomination. But we submit that his friends should not rudely repulse the genuine Abolitionists, who are delighted at finding so prominent a statesman on their own platform, and who could not resist the impulse to give expression to that gratification, in their late gathering at Albany.—*Journal of Commerce.*

COMMOTION IN OHIO.

THE Republicans of Ohio are at present desperately agitated with reference to the existing Fugitive Slave law—the recent rescue case at Oberlin and its sequence having served materially to fan the flame of their indignation. Their innate love for the negro, and their constitutional hatred of an anti-abolition Administration, have together clenched their resolve to have nothing more to do with the law, and it is now a point of discussion whether they shall repudiate it and resist its execution *vi et armis* or nullify it by a State legislative enactment. To this latter purpose, appeals and petitions have been showered upon the General Assembly, and demonstrations of a violent character are daily made by the Republican press and Republican meetings. But in either case, there appears to us to be a difficulty—for we have no doubt that the Fugitive Slave law would continue to be enforced, the Legislature of Ohio "to the contrary notwithstanding," and that the nullifiers would eventually find themselves in an unpleasant predicament.

However, these patriots are prepared to suffer martyrdom, and seem rather to covet it for the sympathy they receive from their fellows. They deem it an honor—especially when they are favored with such ovations as Prof. Peck and his colleagues have received at Oberlin as a reward for resisting the execution of this law—for we notice that a grand feast has been recently gotten up for their benefit. The indictment of these men, and the hand-cuffing of one of their number, has been a brilliant feather in their cap, and, now that they have become warm in the cause, and ambitious to surpass each other, it is difficult to surmise how far they may go, even to the husbanding and fathering of all the negroes in the State, just out of spite.—*Journal of Commerce.*

LOUISIANA ON THE SLAVE TRADE.—The representatives of the slave trade interest in Louisiana have introduced into the Legislature the following bill relating to the purchase of negro slaves by the people of that State, and obtained its reference to the Committee on Federal Relations:

Whereas the Federal Government has no power to prohibit the buying of negro slaves by the citizens of this State; and whereas the right of the people of Louisiana to purchase slave property in any market, whether domestic or foreign, where negro slaves are sold, has never been alienated from her sovereignty, or granted to the control of the Federal Government:

Therefore, be it enacted, &c., That any citizen or association of citizens of this State be and are hereby authorized to purchase negro slaves from Cuba, Brazil and Africa, and to bring the said slaves so purchased to this State, and to hold the same in full right and title, for their proper use, benefit and behoof; *provided*, said slaves, so purchased and imported into this State, shall be subject to the same regulations and tariff of duties as other species of foreign property or imports.

WILL THEY DO IT?—We notice that a petition has been presented and referred to a Special Committee in our State Legislature for a "Personal Liberty law," as such acts are called in other States, designed to nullify the laws of Congress for the return of fugitive slaves. We shall soon see whether the Republican Legislature of this State will enact such a law. That party, although perhaps as thoroughly abolitionized here as in New England, has not the same lease of power, and has been obliged to make a reasonable show of justice and regard for the National Constitution. In other words, policy rather than principle has governed their legislation. Will they dare to throw off their mask, and live up to to their principles?—*Journal of Commerce.*

THE STANDARD.

THE PAST, PRESENT AND FUTURE OF THE ANTI-SLAVERY MOVEMENT.

SPEECHES

AT THE LATE ANNIVERSARY OF THE MASSACHUSETTS ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

SPEECH OF WM. LLOYD GARRISON.

MR. PRESIDENT: The story of the Good Samaritan has come down to us from the past centuries, and will go down to the end of time; and everywhere it will be accepted by the judgment, and conscience, and heart of man, as the best exposition and proof of the love of God that can be shown. "He's true to God who's true to man." It was a very simple and pertinent interrogation of old, "He that loveth not his brother, whom he hath seen, how can he love God, whom he hath not seen?" My friend, Mr. Wright, omitted one remarkable feature of that transaction. He forgot to say that the crowning excellence of the conduct of the Good Samaritan was this—that the man whom he succored and saved was *his enemy.* The Jews had no dealings with the Samaritans. Would not that Samaritan have been justified in also turning aside, like the Jewish priest, and Levite, and refusing to give any aid? Nay; though the wounded traveller was an enemy—a bitter and most implacable enemy—he never seems to have thought of it, but went to him just as if he had been a brother Samaritan. I take this to be the sublime of moral action, and the grand feature which makes that story so touching and soul-subduing. Certainly, in the judgment of the Jewish nation, that Samaritan was a heretic and infidel. As for Jesus himself, who was no Samaritan, but a Jew by birth, we know very well in what estimation he was held by those who represented the religion of the day, who claimed to have Abraham for their father. We know that they put him to death on the ground of his exceeding wickedness. The charge was clear and distinct: "This man is not of God; he keepeth not the Sabbath day." And then, in regard to his wonderful works, remember that he was accused of "casting out Beelzebub by Beelzebub"; and they said, "He hath a devil"; and they said, also, "We have heard his blasphemy: what need have we of further witnesses? Let him be crucified." Now, that noble and heroic soul said, once for all, in reference to those who should follow in his footsteps, "If they have called the master of the house Beelzebub, how much more shall they call them of his household?" And an apostle, himself accounted as "the filth of the earth, the offscouring of all things," for Jesus' sake, also said, in the hearing of all posterity, for the comfort and edification of all heroic and brave spirits suffering for righteousness' sake—"If we suffer with Christ, we shall also reign with him."

Infidels, are we? Yes, in the popular acceptation of the term. But then, when we learn what that is, instead of its being a reproach, it is a laurel that any man may be proud to put around his brow; for to be a Christian, popularly, means to be a sneak, a coward, a trimmer, a formalist, or a hypocrite—one who goes with the multitude to do evil—one who is "on the side of the oppressor, where there is power," and *because* there is power; that is to be a Christian in this country, as Christianity is now interpreted and recognized (applause). Now, to expose it, to repudiate it, is of course to be guilty of infidelity. Well, that is to be manly, heroic, and uncompromising for the truth. I would not, for the world, be recognized as a Christian, in the popular sense. I should feel that I ought to hang my head for shame, if that appellation were conceded to me, in the midst of universal religious degeneracy.

Sir, we have been accused of attacking the Church of Christ. We have done no such thing. Why should we? We have no controversy with that Church; for it is the Church of Freedom. It has for its head, Christ the Redeemer, and we have no controversy with Redemption; that is our object. Christ came to open the prison-doors, and set the captives free; that is our mission. Why should we have any controversy with a church which is all right—into which no tyrant ever yet was permitted to enter, although many a poor slave, in spite of the tyrant, has been taken to its embrace? Sir, it is time for us to look at the assumptions of these organized bodies, which undertake to awe us down, to padlock our lips, to frighten the timid and unreflecting with the cry of "infidelity." It is an easy thing for any one to say, "Our organization is the true Church"; equally easy is it to say, "I am a Christian." A very different thing is it to be one; and a very different thing is the true Church.

The true church—what is it? Can men band themselves together, and say, "Go to! Voted we are the true Church," and make themselves such? No, sir, it is not made in that way. These Church organizations—I deny their arrogant assumption, that they are holy organizations, Heaven-derived, instead of man-made. Why, sir, a man may go round the earth, and join every so-called religious organization that he can find, and he will not then have joined the true Church. One of the cheering results of this conflict with a false Church has been the opening of the eyes of thousands to see that they have been deluded in supposing that God requires them to join any outward organization, or that any such is that Church, "against which the gates of hell shall never prevail." These petty corporations, putting on such divine airs! And yet asking permission of the State to exist, and to have granted to them the right to sue and be sued! How divine is all that! (Laughter and applause.) And you and I must take care how we impeach or rebuke any of these corporations! It is a holy Church—it is the Church of Christ! No, sir, it is not; it is only another edition of Rome—a pocket edition (laughter). It is edifying to see with what unanimity the various Protestant sects arrive at the conclusion that the Romish Church is the "mother of harlots." I'ray, who are her daughters, that have sprung from her loins, if they be not these corrupt Protestant sects? (Loud applause.) I accept their testimony as to their mother; for, knowing their origin, and their character, I am sure that they are her daughters (renewed applause). The only difference between them is, she is old and haggard, and thoroughly diseased, and they are young and buxom in their wantonness—that is all (continued applause).

The true Church—it is not organized flesh and blood. The true Church—there is no outward power that can put it down, because it is spiritual. But who will say that these petty organizations cannot be scattered to the winds of heaven, when empires disappear, when every thing is mutable beneath the skies, in the matter of association and combination? The true Church is in the hearts of true believers; of those who love man, and therefore love God; and that Church will stand.

So, sir, even if it were true that we have brought unjust accusations against the Methodist Church, or the Presbyterian Church, or the Baptist Church, or any other organized body, in this long-protracted conflict, it does not follow that we have assailed the true Church. But then, we have not unjustly accused any of them. You remember the story of the man who came into his house one day in a great rage, and said to his wife, "I have just been called a scoundrel out here." "Oh," said his wife, "don't mind it." "Well," said he, "I would'nt if the man had not proved it on the spot" (laughter). So here the pinch is; our charges are true, and cannot be refuted; for we have exaggerated nothing, nor set down aught in malice."

Understand, then, friends of freedom, that the soul is not to be in bondage to any religious organization. It is free to stand where it pleases, outside or inside, where it can with a clear conscience, and with no compromise of principle. This being so, we call upon those who are giving their support to a pro-slavery Church to come out and shake off the dust of their feet upon it, and stand erect on the side of humanity.

I thank God that the scope of Anti-Slavery is boundless; that there is nothing which pertains to the intellect, heart, soul, or interests of man, that is not wrapt up in this movement (applause). Slavery is the annihilation of all human rights, and therefore of all human interests.

Mr. President, every great reform is a great religious movement, in the best sense of the term. We see this very clearly in regard to the past. We go back to Abraham and Moses, to Isaiah and Jeremiah, to Jesus and Peter and Paul, to Wickliffe and Huss, to Luther and Melancthon, to Wesley and Fox, to the Puritan fathers—we go back to those old heretics, dissenters and infidels, and gratefully honor and reverence them as eminently religious, while we regard their persecutors and traducers with abhorrence.

This Anti-Slavery movement, though everywhere denounced as infidel, shall be hailed by posterity as one of the most extraordinary and deeply religious movements that the world has ever known, and men will draw inspiration from it in all coming time. If we continue faithful in this work, others coming after us will be made faithful through us to the duties of their age. If we are brave and heroic, and meet the demands of the times unflinchingly, men a thousand years hence shall derive strength from our example. What incentives for a man to be loyal to right and duty! The power that is in him, the influence that goes out of him, the result of his thought or act—he may not be able to compute it, to follow it, or to measure it, but it shall go circling round the globe, and down from one generation to another, blessing, and strengthening, and elevating, and saving multitudes (loud applause). It is a mighty stimulus to think what we may do, however humble. It is the deed, not the man; it is being in the right, when the multitude are in the wrong.

What a change since the Anti-Slavery cause was launched! Then, the American Church and clergy were high above us—proud, haughty, defiant, looking down with scorn and contempt upon our movement. Now, they are in many cases brought down upon their knees, begging not to be too severely dealt with, endeavoring to prove that they are anti-slavery, and entreating us to believe that they are "as much opposed to slavery" as we are. They beg us not to crowd them to the wall. This is a great change of tone and position.

Mr. President, I wanted to say a word in regard to the specific work which is before us in the Old Bay State. Last autumn, I was in Vermont, among the Green Mountains, with my friend Mr. May, endeavoring to confer with the people on this great question. We travelled from place to place, and urged the importance and duty of circulating petitions to be presented to the Legislature of Vermont, asking that body to decree the emancipation of every slave coming into that State. Wherever we spoke, this suggestion met with the heartiest response. The oneness of the sentiment was remarkable. There were only a few weeks, however, before the Legislature would come together; but petitions were printed as speedily as possible, circulated and numerously signed, and then sent to that body; and, to the surprise, I think, even of the most hopeful, the Legislature promptly responded to the very letter of the petition! (Applause.) Certainly, it is a most remarkable spectacle—Vermont leading the way, and by statute declaring that no matter how a slave may get within her limits, whether be be brought there by his master or flee there for his own safety, he becomes a freeman; and whoever shall dare to molest him must suffer for it (applause). That is the sublimest act of legislation in the history of the United States. I told the people of Vermont, at that time, that they might, if they could, anticipate Massachusetts, I did not then believe they could; but they have done it. All honor to the Green Mountain boys! I believe they will stand by it (loud cheers).

Well, sir, it will be honor enough for Massachusetts if she will say ditto to Vermont. And will she say so? "What do you think?" says one; "shall we carry it?" "I do not know," is my reply. "Well, how many petitions have been sent in?" "I do not know." "How many yet remain to be sent?" "I do not know." But I do know that a great deal depends upon the popular demonstration as to what the Legislature will do in regard to a measure so important as this. I believe there is great unanimity of feeling among the people in this matter; and I want the members of the Legislature to see, from certain petitions that will go into them, what is the state of public sentiment generally in Massachusetts, and not doubt that the Commonwealth is ready for just such a law as Vermont has placed upon her statute-book.

There is one thing, in connection with this subject, that is very remarkable, and that is the entire silence on the part of the press in regard to this matter. Your editors are very courageous men, are they not? They want to know a little more as to the exact state of public feeling before they speak out. Not one single journal in the Commonwealth, except *The Liberator*, has noticed the fact that this effort is going on to nullify the Fugitive Slave law, and make Massachusetts Canada to every fugitive slave. Do you say that that fact is rather ominous of defeat? No; it is ominous of victory; for the old maxim, I think, holds good in this case—"Silence gives consent" (applause). At any rate, there is no dissent, and we may take it for granted, therefore, that the press is so conscious of the present state of public sentiment in Massachusetts on this question that, if it has the disposition, it dare not, as a matter of policy, oppose this effort. I think this is a very encouraging sign of the times.

But we may not succeed this year, though I am going to assume that we shall. If we do not, we shall know precisely what we have got to do. Go to work again; once more into the "deadly imminent breach"; once more to canvassing the Commonwealth, in a more systematic and thorough manner than it has been done in our late effort. Massachusetts must be free soil to all who stand upon it. If we have to take the State House down, brick by brick, this decree must be made (loud applause). We need not concern ourselves greatly with Georgia, Carolina or Alabama. Let them go, if you will, until the Bay State liberates every fugitive slave within her borders; and then, I think, a staggering blow will be given to the slave system of the South. Massachusetts will wheel into line with Vermont; the Empire State is turning in the same direction; Ohio, Pennsylvania, Wisconsin, and other States will follow, for the flame is spreading from State to State, and the spirit becoming universal for the same object. We are yet to have a North, and it is to be a gloriously free North, on the soil of which no slaveholder shall ever dare to plant his feet, and upon which every slave shall find his emancipation (loud cheers).

SPEECH OF WENDELL PHILLIPS, ESQ.

MR. PRESIDENT: I think that if you will allow me the merit of introducing so good a speech [alluding to the speech of Gov. Robinson of Kansas], I need not make one myself. At any rate, as all governors, when they visit the college from which they graduated, are complimented with the degree of Doctor of Laws, I think we should be willing to confer it upon Gov. Robinson (laughter and applause). And, indeed, if you were to throw in the degree of Doctor of Divinity, I should not object, for his divinity is about as good as we usually get (renewed applause). I think the testimony which he has given us relative to the people of Kansas goes to sustain the wisdom of the philosophy that has been laid down, time and again, from this platform. We are not to expect, from a comparatively rude community, yet in the gristle, not hardened into the bone of manhood, not knowing each other, not running in the grooves of familiar institutions—we are not to expect from them, certainly, any greater advance in radical, philosophical construction of government than from old established institutions like ours in Massachusetts. It was always to me a fair excuse, offered to me as far West as I ever went, in Iowa, when they said, "Set us the example in Massachusetts. You have more leisure and more leisurely men; you have more disciplined, educated and far-seeing men than we have; you have an older average population; it becomes you to set the example; we will follow you." When these young States want to make a code of laws, what do they do? They take the statute book of one of the New England States as their model. When we send out a code of laws, it is a light to all these States. That is the reason why the petition that has been named here gains additional weight, every word of it, from the testimony which Governor Robinson has given of the state of things in Kansas. We want to stereotype Massachusetts' example for these young States; we want to show them what can be peaceably and safely done, for they naturally look to us.

In that connection, allow me to mention another thing. I want to thank our friend Everett for throwing the religious element into the discussion, and for bringing us back to the point from whence we started. I spoke this morning of the petition from Georgetown, and stated that that large number of names was obtained by the exertions of one of the ever-present Beecher family—Rev. Charles Beecher. I was mistaken. It was a humble citizen, one Moses Wright, who took the blank petition, and then, on his own responsibility and agency, presented it to the clergyman and his wife, who signed it, and then, by his own hard labor, from time to time, sought, in his own house or place of business, each one of the four or five hundred persons whose names he secured, by dint of earnest effort, backed by a life that looked over his shoulders, and sent us that most honorable petition (applause). Now that is a *Moses* worth having; and I believe in his plenary inspiration (laughter and applause). I wish to do justice to that man; for it is hard work to carry round one of those petitions. I honor the moral intrepidity of the man who takes his whole town by the throat, and makes it do its duty. But look at that petition. Men shrink from it; the Legislature, it is said, may shrink from it. But you cannot find a man in the Commonwealth—unless it be South-side Adams, and I do not think quite so bad even of him—who, when you put it to him as an individual, as a Christian, as a man, alone on the sidewalk, would respond to you that he himself, in his own person, would assist in the return of a fugitive slave. I have yet to find that man or woman among the millions of the men and women of Massachusetts. I do not know that he can be found. Why, here was a distinguished judge on the bench of the Supreme Court of the United States, who went down and argued the question in Faneuil Hall, that we all ought to obey the Fugitive Slave law; yet it was privately reported that at that very hour he had come himself from the Christian duty of smuggling his own black servant into Canada (applause). I have a friend and relative settled in the city of Brooklyn, New York. He was surprised one night to find at his door a clergyman of that city, hurried, anxious, breathless, whom he recognized as the preacher of one of the most lauded sermons in support of the Fugitive Slave bill, and which the *Journal of Commerce* had praised week after week. There he stood, under the portico of my friend, also a clergyman and as soon as he could get breath to speak, he said, "What do you do with these black people? I have got a fugitive woman at my house; I don't know the steps to be taken, but she must be got to Canada." Stuttering with impatience, hardly able to articulate, confusing his words and questions, and only anxious that he should not lose a moment to give the officers an opportunity to seize the fugitive who had knocked at his door for mercy, and found it, because he had a heart that was not hidebound by his theology (applause). I say it is a singular fact that you cannot find an individual in the State who is willing to say that he would assist in returning a fugitive slave.

MRS. FOSTER rose to correct the speaker. She said that the City Marshal of Worcester, Wm. S. Lincoln, and a dozen others in that city, had said, again and again, that they would aid in the return of a fugitive slave, when called upon.

MR. PHILLIPS—I have one or two remarks to make upon that. You remember that story of the Cape Cod captain who had a steamer that run from Hyannis to Nantucket, and in the cabin was a notice that no gentleman was expected to spit on the carpet. One day the captain went up to a man, and remonstrated with him for disregarding the notice. "Lord, captain," said he, "I ain't a gentleman." I am not sure that a United States Marshal comes up to my statement when I said no *man* (roars of laughter and applause). Then, again, you remember that inimitable chapter in Mrs. Stowe's novel, where a State Senator, away off in Michigan somewhere, who had been making a very patriotic speech, and declared what he was ready to do, and how willingly he would do it, and summoned his fellow-citizens to his side, went home and found that his wife had hidden a fugitive slave in her room, looked in her face, and "caved in." I am not sure that Marshal Lincoln would not do the same. I knew his brother when he was a boy, and he had a heart; and I am not sure that the Marshal would stand fire. But if he did, he is only one; and I have no doubt, now I think of it, that there may be, now and then, one—I had forgotten Hallett and Cushing, and several others (laughter and applause). But what I mean is, the general remark holds true, that out of a million of men and women, you would not find a thousand, you would not find anything but the most (in two senses) despicable minority, who would consent to such an act; and everybody (an immense majority, at any rate), would be ashamed of it.

Now, the inference I was going to draw is this: When the State assembles as a State, why should it not enunciate for law what is the heart-sentiment of at least nine hundred thousand out of the million? I believe we do not utter foolish speeches when we prophesy that when we have eight or nine hundred thousand out of a million on our side, it will not be long before we stereotype these pulses into statutes. I cannot believe that it can be long delayed. This Legislature may not do it; the next Legislature may not do it. When they have done it, it is possible the Supreme Court may stand, as I said, like a Gibraltar, against it. I have no feeling of disrespect towards the Supreme Court; but you know John Quincy Adams told, when they threatened him with such an institution in Congress, the old story of the Chelsea doctor in England whose place was given to another, in case of his death—the way they manage those things in England. The young man went down to look at the place, and as he was walking in the garden, the old gentleman went up to him and said, "Young man, I am not fifty yet; my father lived to be ninety, my mother ninety-six, and my grandfather almost a hundred." "Sir," replied the young man, "I can wait" (laughter and applause). So we can wait, until the Supreme Court gets ready to obey the State, or the State gets ready to dispense with the Supreme Court (loud applause).

One way or another, in this age, and in these institutions, the people get their will. I believe, for instance, that the slave trade will be reëstablished. Why? I do not think—at least I am hardly fearful—that the Congress of the United States will, by formal enactment, proclaim its own shame, and repeal the statute against piracy. I do not believe, on the other hand, that the wealthy men who breed slaves, or hold them in the Carolinas and Virginia, where they are worth, on an average, a thousand dollars a head, will aid a scheme that is going to introduce slaves at four or five hundred dollars a head. But I do not believe that either this wealthy class or the reluctance of Congress to repeal its statute will defeat the pecuniary interest, filibustering ambition, fire-eating recklessness and love of adventure of lounging thousands in the Southern States, who have nothing to do. I believe that, as you can always smuggle goods when the profit is forty per cent., *a fortiori*, you can smuggle goods in the broad light of day, when the profit is three hundred per cent. Look at the case of the "Wanderer." The U. S. Marshal of South Carolina, after the press of that State has proclaimed that the captain of the "Wanderer" ought to be welcomed as a deliverer, not tried as a criminal, announces that if the captain surrenders himself, he (the Marshal) will not deliver him up to the authorities of Georgia, on requisition, but will try him himself; and then the complacent captain surrenders himself, having had the pledge of the government that he shall not suffer! How clearly that one fact indicates the state of public opinion at the South!

Now, how are we to act? It seems to me that we may say—the phrase I was about to quote reminds me of another thing. I cannot stand here and watch the hands of yonder clock, warning me that the last moments of this Anniversary are approaching, without remembering one so often with us, and whose voice has so long thrilled the heart of the Commonwealth with brave and pure eloquence, owning and wielding an inevitable weight to which few men can lay claim. Sickness parts him from us to-night, seals those wise lips for the present, bids that untiring brain be still, takes from the slave's coffer the wealth of that rich freighted intellect, takes from his side the strength of that sturdy right arm, and sends THEODORE PARKER to softer climes; whence soon, with God's blessing, he shall come—turning our prayers into thanksgiving, and making glad every heart that loves liberty and struggles to save the race—with restored strength and his wonted vigor to lead and to labor, as he has done, so generously, so efficiently, and with such abundant fruits of his ministry for so many years. I cannot remember it without trying to give expression, feebly, at the moment, to what your hearts would say so much better, how profoundly we appreciate all he has done, how sorely we shall lack his aid, how deeply we shall feel his absence, with what longing we shall wait his return.

Suppose I turn aside to criticise another thing in this connection. A man of as generous a heart, his tongue touched with a kindred eloquence, but fettered by a fellowship with men-stealers, fighting up like a thunderstorm against the overwhelming suspicion and the black clouds that settle, deservedly, on his sect, who has never sundered the ties that compromise his position, and whose trumpet gives so often an uncertain sound—such a man thinks it worth his while—he forgets himself enough—to apologize to a boy or bigot critic—he, free to frequent drunken revels in honor of old poets or of New England anniversaries, and when blamed, deigning to answer—he so much forgot their relative places that when God helped him once to cut loose a moment from his black associates, and, like a white dove, mount to the clear blue of Theodore Parker's platform, apologized for the soaring flight to his accomplices, explained it with lavish logic to bigot priests; and the undertone of his whole apology is as if he had condescended to the foremost scholar of New England, to the purest and almost the only church that Boston boasts, to one whose place is in the vanguard of thought and life, to the Jove of the New England pulpit, whose brain forges thunderbolts before which everything base, cruel and unchristian trembles on the shores of either ocean, wherever our English tongue is used (enthusiastic and prolonged applause).

I was about to quote Mr. Parker's favorite old maxim—"Let dog eat dog"—which he has told us so often. It may be our part to take special action in politics; but we stand here Massachusetts men. I said, the other day, that Gov. Banks represented one class of the Republican party, who seemed to me to look upon Massachusetts only as a convenient horse-block, by which to vault into the saddle of national office. They use the State simply as a means for something else. It is large enough for a pedestal. We do not look upon it so. Little Greece, hardly larger, has kept the world talking about her achievements, has been the source of thought and liberty to every country since. Massachusetts is large enough to block the wheels of the Union; Massachusetts is large enough, if redeemed, to give the key-note to the free States of the North. What I want is to use this convenient width and breadth of State to inaugurate an absolutely faultless politics; to make our Constitution clean, so that other States can imitate it; so as to send out our politicians with no fetter of apology. Give us a Massachusetts with no stain of blood on her statute book, and no compromises in her Constitution. Give us a Massachusetts that does not send her legal sons down to Faneuil Hall with an argument in support of the Fugitive Slave bill on their lips, and a railroad ticket to smuggle a domestic out of their own house in their pockets. Give us a Massachusetts that writes out on her statute book the benevolent wishes of her citizens. Why should she not? Do you say there is anything in the Constitution to the contrary? The Republicans say there is not. "Physician, heal thyself!" I measure you by your yardstick. You tell me there is no clause in the Constitution which orders the return of fugitive slaves. If so, put it on the statute book, that the dreams of Joseph Story and Roger B. Taney shall not be considered the constitutional law of the United States (loud cheers). If, on the other side, you turn round and say, "We cannot pass that statute, because there is a clause in the Constitution that binds us to return the fugitive," then I ask, how do you settle it with your conscience when you swear to support such a Constitution? By what jugglery did you get inside of that State House, and obtain this power to act? Was it by swearing to return fugitive slaves? Own up, then; you are a slave-hunter! In the language of Dr. Channing, you are "a legalized robber." In the language of Dr. Channing, you are the "watch-dog of the plantation." Do you accept the titles? Then own up that you have no right to laugh at the Marshal of Worcester, even if he were as bad as his words, or at Hallett, or George T. Curtis, or any other of the standing butts of merriment, when humor runs low, and the clouds hang heavy above us. Why did you swear to obey a Constitution that bids you not enact justice and make humanity law? If you cannot do it, then you have no right to be in that State House. "I cannot render you justice," said Philip of Macedon to a woman who asked for it. "Then," said she, "you have no right to be king" (applause).

I think, Mr. President, our argument is perfect to the Republican; and if Massachusetts enrolls ninety-nine patents to one from any other State, I do not see why she should not have a patent for the invention of a humane law. I am sure that nobody can say that it was ever invented before (applause). Why should we not, under the great American principle laid down by Bancroft, that American law is not made by compacts and parchments, by enactments of the Legislature and the consent of the governed, but by acquiescence of the people—why should we not enact the present wish of the people? What did John Quincy Adams say, when, during the Missouri Compromise, they threatened to put upon the statute-book what he deemed an unconstitutional act? Why, he said, "Gentlemen, if you foist that unconstitutional legislation into the Constitution, the Constitution no longer exists, and Massachusetts not only has a right, but she is bound to declare the Union dissolved." That was the principle of John Quincy Adams in 1819. Men shrink now from making a little law, as if our fathers never made any. They made the Constitution of 1780 and '87; and to-day, when the South wants a law made for her, she makes it to suit the times. How came Louisiana into this Union? Jefferson, who signed the bill, acknowledged it unconstitutional; Adams, in the Senate of the United States, pronounced the argument of Tracy of Connecticut, by which its constitutionality was denied, unanswerable. It was the "We take the responsibility" of the Democratic party which enacted the bill; "and now," said they, "let us see whether the people will acquiesce." They did acquiesce. Then Florida was carried; afterward Mexico; and when the argument was brought up in the Senate that it was unconstitutional, even Webster allowed that the constitutional argument came too late; that the acquiescence of the people had settled that it was a law of the United States, though nobody could find it in the parchment. Now, I say, let the North act on this principle. Let Massachusetts begin by declaring on her statute-book that there shall be no slave-hunting in her territory; that if slavery is the creature of municipal law, it may rest there; but the moment a man touches Massachusetts soil, all he shall have to prove is that he HAS touched it (loud applause). If a million of men acquiesce in it; if, off the pavement, the people decree it, State street will cry "Amen," and the Supreme Court "cuckoo" (laughter and cheers). For you know as well as I do, that in the shifting quicksands of constitutional law, it is the opinion of the conservative intellect of Massachusetts that really guides the decisions of that Court. You know that if we can only bring up the public opinion of the State, by such an agitation as we are carrying on, to demand of the Legislature the enactment of a law to prohibit slave-hunting on our soil, there will be no need of getting rid of the Supreme Court, or of getting rid of anybody. I complained to-night of being called to this platform; but the moment anti-slavery gets to be in the state in which Free-Stateism is in Kansas, as described by Governor Robinson, there will be Doctors of Divinity on this platform, crowding for an opportunity to say they always thought just so; the Supreme Court will hasten to make up a case to undo the decision in the Sims case, and announce to the nation that Massachusetts holds herself to be a free State. What do you suppose makes the law for Taney and his associates? Is it the words they find written in the law books, or the decisions of the English King's Bench or our own? No; it is the interests of the Democratic party at Washington, Buchanan or Douglas—the rival interests of the chiefs of departments. Nobody deems it any libel on the Supreme Court at Washington to say so. Of course, our Supreme Court is a great deal better, and purer, and more learned—because it is a great deal nearer home. I do not know but Lemuel Shaw is a more honest man than Roger B. Taney—I am inclined to think he is. He once put on his brow that bright clear laurel, the decision in the Med case, when he said, the slave that is brought here, we will clutch her, and save her as a trophy of Massachusetts institutions! (Loud cheers.) It is not in Anti-Slavery to be ungrateful. No; and it is not in Anti-Slavery either to expect that the pulse of seventy or eighty shall beat with all the enthusiasm and fluid possibility of change that men of middle age possess, and ought to use. We pardon something to the necessarily faltering, and somewhat timid, and perhaps chilled pulses of age. It is only once in a while, just to prove the rule, that we see an exception, like your father, sir [Edmund Quincy in the chair], who outdoes, at eighty, even his mature age (loud cheers).

But I have spoken as long as I ought. ("Go on, go on.") All I can say is, I do hope that the Legislature will listen to this petition, and that we shall not close this Convention without the earnest hope planted in us, that from that Capitol will come down the "Amen" of the humanity of the State, and that we shall have it to say of Massachusetts that she does order her judges to decree justice (loud applause).

MR. BUCHANAN AND HIS FRIENDS.

From The Philadelphia Press.

WASHINGTON, Thursday, Feb. 10, 1859.

THE idea that Mr. Buchanan, has ever intended to recognize friendships must be dismissed from the minds of those who have been silly enough to entertain it. It is becoming every day more apparent that he never intended to be animated by any regard for the men to whom he has been indebted for distinction, and with whom, in a great degree, he has been associated all his life. If you will cast your eyes over the country, and along the list of those who have trusted this man, including the men who continue to keep up the appearance of confiding in him, you will find how true this remark is. No statesman in our country has ever proceeded upon the theory of sacrificing friendships and of conciliating enmities—none save Mr. Buchanan. To illustrate: with the exception of a few old stagers, who have been willing to tolerate his heartless arrogance for the sake of obtaining places at his hands (I forbear to mention their names, inasmuch as most of them are very needy men, or anxious to be considered near the throne for selfish or ambitious purposes), *no man can be pointed out who is sincerely attached to James Buchanan, either in Washington or elsewhere.* At his own home in Lancaster, you well know, he has scarcely a friend. Hardly a Lancaster face is ever seen at the White House, and none of the men who are known to have adhered to the fortunes of the President in those dark days, when he crouched at their feet, begging for their support. This is not because of personal disappointment, but only out of contempt for the man and contempt for his policy; for be it remembered that no man in our day, not even Jackson or Clay, ever had more disinterested friends than he who now freezes himself and his visitors in the White House, and doles out his hospitalities as if every cup he presented were filled with poison. What the condition of affairs is in Philadelphia I need not repeat. Even the people who hold offices under him, while they may fear, do not admire or esteem him; and of those who do not hold office, scarcely one can be found among those who were proud to be numbered as his friends three years ago who does not express sorrow or indignation at the course he has pursued. In New York, where he never had any strength, he is cheated by the wordy compliments of those who hold or expect to obtain his patronage. In Washington, I venture to assert that the President cannot point to an honest personal friend. Messrs. Bright and Slidell are supposed to be the nearest to him, and yet those who know these gentlemen shrug their shoulders at the slightest suggestion of any cordiality between them and the head of the government. Mr. Corcoran, who expended from ten to twenty thousand dollars to elect him, never crosses the threshold of the White House; while it is whispered along the avenue that John R. Thomson, of New Jersey, one of his most faithful adherents, has at last become disgusted with the hollow-heartedness of the Executive. I am not permitted to mention names. If I might, I could refer to certain members of the Cabinet, and even of the personal household, who groan under the humiliations so constantly put upon them. What is the cause of this? I will answer, *

long journey southward, and his residence there, silence touching the fact that he was free was enforced by the threat of instant death. Masters have a right to kill their slaves for disobedience and for so high a crime as that of asserting that they were free men, no doubt, most slaveowners would deem it an indispensable duty to take life. Every free colored man in the United States is exposed to just this kind of treatment. There is evidence, however, that the business is soon to pass from clandestine associations to the respective State governments of the South. Virginia and Maryland are profoundly considering how to clutch the liberties of their free colored inhabitants. When they have succeeded in this not difficult affair, kidnapping will thenceforward be a State business; transferred from private to public hands, it will unquestionably thrive in a manner becoming the virtue of Southern society. We shall then dwell side by side with kidnapping States. But it will not disgrace us, for the slave laws, in their mildest form, and in their every exhibition, are nothing better than the most unmitigated kidnapping. As it is now, all the slave States and all slaveowners steal children—yes, steal the babe in its mother's arms, and enslave it. Neighborhood to such a state of society is no slight misfortune. We are coutaminated by proximity to the putrescent mass of slaveholders; we keep the company of kidnappers, and our Churches have lost caste in morals, till they are ready to acquiesce in the shameless conclusion that slavery is not bad unless it is badly used. They make the use of the thing the test of character. As well might the robber or the debauchee claim justification on the ground of a utilitarian purpose. —*Northern Independent.*

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 19, 1859.

CORRESPONDENTS will greatly oblige us by a careful observance of the following directions, viz.:

Letters enclosing matter for publication, or relating in any way to the editorial conduct of the paper, should be addressed, "*Editor of the Anti-Slavery Standard*, 138 *Nassau street, New York.*"

Letters enclosing subscriptions, or relating in any way to the business of the office, should be addressed, "*Publisher of the Anti Slavery Standard*, 138 *Nassau street, New York.*"

LIGHT AMIDST DARKNESS.

ABOLITIONISTS are often accused of being harsh and censorious in their judgments. This indictment must be divided into two counts, the first of which is freely admitted, while the second is neither admitted by the accused nor proved by the prosecutors. The Abolitionists are, and must continue to be, "harsh as truth, uncompromising as justice." While the king continues to sin, the prophet must continue to point at him the finger of accusation, and steadfastly to declare—"*Thou* art the man!" But until the king has repented and done works meet for repentance, neither he nor his flatterers are entitled to pronounce the charge censorious. The sins of the American people in the matter of slavery glare so broadly before the eyes of men that consummate impudence as well as falsehood is required to deny the guilt of the nation, as well as of its servants, the government, and its teachers, the clergy.

Formerly, before the labors of the Abolitionists had published widely the horrible facts of slavery, they were charged with censoriousness *towards the slaveholders*; but of late, this charge has been abandoned, for the most part, as untenable, and the complaint in question is now chiefly made by those who have vainly tried to make anti-slavery talk supply the place of an anti-slavery character, namely, the Republican party, and the teachers and propagandists of the American popular religion.

The talk of both these classes, on the occasions when it was absolutely necessary for them to make false pretences or to lose some of their adherents and abandon a portion of their field of labor, has been such that without the rigid scrutiny, the sharp discrimination between form and substance, which the anti-slavery speakers and writers have applied to it, it would have deceived even the elect; and it is still necessary carefully to scrutinize the declarations, documents, resolutions and platforms of both these classes of men, to the end of assuring ourselves that the truth which seems to be affirmed in one part of them is not neutralized by reservation, or concession, or direct opposition in another part.

Where this obvious self-contradiction exists—as in the documents of the Republican party, declaring those same things unjustifiable and outrageous in Kansas which they declare must remain undisturbed in Kentucky—or in the Reports of the Foreign and Home Missionary, the Bible and Tract Societies, allowing slaveholding to find refuge in the Church while they speak evil enough of it to justify its expulsion from the world—it is fair to presume unfaithfulness to freedom, and to judge the whole document, with the party or sect from which it emanates, by the worse rather than by the better portions of it; by the evil which it allows in practice, rather than by the good which it claims merely in theory.

We are very happy to have found one apparent exception to this general rule, and to be able to feel and express hope instead of fear in regard to one enterprise in which appears the self-contradictory character upon which we have been commenting. We find in a fragment of newspaper the following advertisement.

A FREE SOIL PAPER in a SLAVE STATE.—THE "PENINSULAR NEWS AND ADVERTISER" is published regularly every FRIDAY, by Dr. J. S. Prettyman, Milford, Delaware. It is devoted to the ABOLITION OF SLAVERY IN DELAWARE, and will so continue until our State takes position in the galaxy of Free States.

Subscriptions ($1 50 in advance, $2 if otherwise) will be gladly received from any of the friends of such a cause.

J. S. PRETTYMAN, Milford, Del.

The paper here advertised comes regularly to this office in exchange for THE STANDARD, and we have often copied paragraphs from its columns. It has been under the charge of Dr. Prettyman, if we mistake not, for nearly a year; and although it does not make the ABOLITION OF SLAVERY IN DELAWARE quite as prominent in its weekly issues as in the capital letters of its advertisement, while it takes the inauspicious designation of "A Free Soil Paper," and talks absurdly of "the *galaxy* of Free States" (not one of which, except Vermont, has yet had principle and energy enough to make its soil free indeed—free *for* the fugitive, and free *from* the slaveholder), we yet regard the publication of such a paper in a slave State as a hopeful sign of the times. In spite of all drawbacks, the resolute flinging abroad of the banner "Abolition of Slavery in Delaware" looks cheering and hopeful; looks as if something was meant by it; looks as if those who bear the standard and sound the alarm were fully aware that slavery deserves no quarter; as if they would seek its overthrow in Maryland as heartily as in Delaware; as if they named Delaware *first* on account of their more intimate relation to her, and obligation towards her, and by no means from a disposition to tolerate slavery, or for a moment to acquiesce in its continuance in any other State any more than in their own; in short, as if they meant *war*, and not truce or compromise.

Whether these charitable hopes of ours are to be justified by a hearty and thorough opposition to slavery on the part of the *Peninsular News and Advertiser* remains to be seen. But when so many Republican newspapers, and candidates, and office-holders are saying—if not quite so broadly as the Boston *Journal* recently did, yet still distinctly and effectively—that within the borders of the slave States they "look upon the institution as *sacred*," it becomes all who hold higher ground, and especially all who cherish *anti*-slavery principles, to let their light shine clearly, and to throw the influence of their position unmistakably in favor of freedom for all.

News recently came to us, through the (Alabama) *Union Springs Gazette*, of two more roastings alive of human beings by slaveholders. The occasion, in both these cases, was the killing of the robbers who claimed to own these men, and who held and treated them as pieces of property. One of these robbers had the reputation of being eminently "a kind and humane master." On the day before Mr. J., the humane master, was killed, he had whipped his "boy," Milford, for some misdemeanor, and then had him "chained or locked" until the next morning. On Monday morning he took off the chain and told him to go to work. "The boy made some impudent reply"—probably a statement that he had not deserved the flogging and chaining, or some similarly impudent remark—when the humane master told him that if he did not stop his insolence, he would knock him down with the lock of the chain, which he held. The boy then killed the humane master with an axe, and sat down, making no attempt to escape. A public meeting of the citizens was called to decide what should be done with the "boy," when the proposition was made to burn him alive, and every one present, to the number of two or three hundred, voted for it. That afternoon, at 3 o'clock, in the presence of 500 persons, he was chained to a tree and burned. Before the torch was applied he declared, in answer to questions, that the flogging and chaining had not been the chief cause of his killing his master, but that he had determined to do it some time before; from which we infer that some very impressive previous act of humanity had been inflicted upon him, or rather that he had been subjected to a long and wearisome *course* of humanity.

Such is slavery! and such is the kindness and humanity which we hear so loudly vaunted as a characteristic of slaveholders! Let it be remembered, when this sort of praise is bestowed upon a slaveholder, that he is probably no worse than the eminently humane master who was killed by the "boy" Milford; that, in general, he *only* treats his slaves in such a manner that they determine to kill him when opportunity offers; or, descending to particulars, that he punishes "insolence" *only* by knocking the offender down with a lock at the end of a chain; and, that, for any other "misdemeanor," he *only* flogs him, chains him up all night, and then sends him to work without any breakfast. We judge, by the fact that the burning alive was voted without a dissenting voice, that all the other slaveholders in that town are *severe* masters, and that, having lost their only humane associate, the character of the citizens there will deteriorate rather than improve.

The people of the States called (by courtesy) *free* States, though bad enough, Heaven knows, are not so bad as this! Nor are they likely to become so, except through the continued influence of that evil communication which corrupts good manners, and makes bad manners yet worse. What good reason is there for us to desire continued alliance with a town like that which voted to roast "Milford" alive? or with a State composed of such towns? or with a section of country composed of such States? Why should we, while agreeing that atrocities of this sort must be kept, at every hazard, out of Kansas, assume that they are to be considered "sacred" in Alabama? Why should we refuse to learn wisdom from the error of our fathers, and maintain, instead, the foolish consistency of sticking to the blunder that they made? What has Alabama ever done for us, that we should continue to share with her, before the world, the disgrace of deliberate, systematic and infernal cruelties, not exceeded by anything in the records of the Inquisition?

We earnestly hope that the *Peninsular News* will not stultify itself by maintaining, or allowing, that the slavery which it is trying to expel from Delaware should be protected, or tolerated, in any other State! We trust that it will not shrink from the declaration that slavery is as wrong, as wicked, as intolerable in Maryland as it is in Delaware, or from the persistent endeavor to educate its readers up to the advocacy of that sentiment! We heartily desire that, if our more Northern States still inexcusably postpone their duty of making their soil free indeed—free from the foul print of the slave-hunter's foot—free for the residence, protection and security of the flying bondman—that Delaware may marshal us the way, and seize the enduring glory of being the second really FREE STATE! The State which, first after Vermont, reduced to practice the self-evident truth upon which our Declaration of Independence was founded, and made that a serious fact, which, in the mouths of most Americans, is yet a false and hollow brag!

THE REVOLUTION IN HAYTI.

THE Revolution in Hayti is complete. The Emperor Soulouque, after formally abdicating, was permitted to embark, with his family and suite, in an English war vessel bound to Kingston, Jamaica, where they were safely landed on the 23d of January.

The Emperor went forth to meet the revolutionary army, and, being repulsed, returned to Port au-Prince and made the best efforts in his power for self-protection. But the republican forces, under Gen. Geffrard, after investing the city for several days and receiving large accessions from the Emperor's troops, finally, on the 15th of January, at 3 o'clock, a. m., broke suddenly through the barricades, took possession of the forts without the loss of a single life on either side, and immediately surrounded the Emperor's Palace. Gen. Geffrard then sent a flag of truce to the Emperor, offering him his life and protection to his family if he would abdicate his power and save the people of Hayti from the horrors of a civil war. Soulouque demanded time to consider, which was allowed him, but before the allotted time had expired the Imperial troops laid down their arms and made common cause with the followers of Geffrard. The Emperor, no longer left to his choice, proceeded to make out his papers of abdication, and on the 15th he caused the following proclamation to be made:

Haytiens! Called by the will of the people to govern the destinies of Hayti, all my care and anxieties have constantly been for the welfare of my citizens and the prosperity of my country. I held hopes that I could have relied on the affections of those who elevated me to that supreme power, but the last events that have taken place do not permit me to doubt the true sentiments of the people.

I have too much friendship for my country to hesitate in sacrificing myself for the good of all.

I abdicate, and have only one wish—that Hayti may be as happy as my heart has always desired.

Done at Port-au-Prince, Jan 15, 1859, in the 56th year of Independence. (Signed) FAUSTIN.

Geffrard appears to have behaved with great coolness, courage and humanity. The dethroned Emperor and suite were escorted to the British ship Melbourne, by the aid of the commander of that vessel, Capt McCrea, and the English and French Consuls. If he had not been thus guarded, Soulouque would undoubtedly have been killed by the excited multitude which thronged the streets through which he passed.

Geffrard immediatey issued the following proclamation:

HAYTIENS—Called by the population of the Artibonite and of the North to put an end to the Imperial government, I left Port au-Prince in a canoe, placing my faith in that Providence which bestows success. Our cause has triumphed without bloodshed. Such a result is not due to me. God alone has so ordained. As the instrument of Providence I was unwilling that my entry into the capital should give rise to a sanguinary reaction. I sought to conceal all those special wrongs which had given rise to our movement. General Soulouque sent me a deputation requesting protection for his family and person. To this I assented, because the republic is essentially generous. The deposed chief is in safety. Fellow-citizens, I thus respect in him the power that is no more. His act of abdication is about to be made public. I have also covered with my protection the ex-Governor of the capital, whom I have caused to be conducted to a foreign Consulate, where he will be protected from all individual vengeance.

Haytiens, let us rest in peace, in union. God will protect us.

The republic has endowed you with a constitution; it shall be observed and executed.

Persons and property shall be respected—agriculture and commerce encouraged.

Live liberty.
Live equality.
Live the republic.
Live the constitution.

Done at the National Palace of Port-au-Prince, on the 15th January, 1859, in fifty-sixth year of the Independence. FABRE GEFFRARD.

By the President of the Republic.
JH. LAMOTHE, Secretary-General.

Let us hope that the new government now to be inaugurated will be based upon right principles and administered wisely.

Soulouque is said to be wealthy. He has taken up his residence at Kingston, where he appears to have been received with respect and enthusiasm. Some Haytien refugees residing there attempted to instigate violent proceedings against him, but without success.

LAW AGAINST KIDNAPPING.—In view of the importance of a prompt introduction of a bill to prohibit slave hunting in this State, the Committee of the Legislature having the subject in charge, with the consent of the friends of the cause, have, we understand, concluded to forego the public hearing which was arranged to take place on the 25th inst. It is feared that the delay which such a hearing would render necessary might endanger the success of the measure. The Committee, we understand, were expected to report, on Wednesday, a bill substantially like the recently enacted statute of Vermont; and we learn from Albany that there is good reason to hope that it will become a law.

DR. CHEEVER AT THE CAPITOL.—It affords us pleasure to say that Dr. Cheever has been invited to repeat his discourse on the Slave Code in the Assembly Chamber at Albany at an early day. We presume he will eagerly embrace the opportunity thus afforded to address the members of the Legislature and the citizens of Albany. His brave utterances will help to stiffen the weak-backed Republicans, and prepare them to vote for an anti-kidnapping law in this State.

WASHINGTON COUNTY (N. Y.) ANTI-SLAVERY CONVENTION.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

ENCLOSED are the resolutions unanimously adopted at the fourth Washington County (N. Y.) Annual Anti-Slavery Convention, held in Friends' meeting-house in Easton, Feb. 4th and 5th. To me they have the right "ring," and I hope you may find room for them in THE STANDARD.

PARKER PILLSBURY was the chief speaker, through the entire series of meetings. He arrived among us on Thursday evening—spoke on Friday evening in the school-house, on Saturday p. m. and evening and Sunday p. m. and evening in the old Friends' meeting-house. All the meetings were largely attended, and a real earnestness manifested throughout.

It is impossible for me to give you any report of his speeches, or, rather, *true gospel sermons*—for all of the five successive talks were based on the faith that trusts in things "not seen"—on the genuine granite foundation that cannot be shaken by the winds and rains of political expediencies and ecclesiastical evasions. And the words of God, thus livingly spoken, found a ready response in the hearts of the people. Indeed I have never witnessed a more refreshing outpouring of the holy spirit of freedom. We all felt that we were in the midst of a "great awakening" to the love of God and our neighbor. It was indeed a precious season—a real soul-hungering and soul-thirsting after the truth.

REUBEN BAKER and JOHN and JOB WILBUR gave their word to add to the interest and profit of the occasion. SUSAN B. ANTHONY contributed her mite, by way of asking the people to manifest their love for the slave in a substantial manner. The collections amounted to $28 00, and four STANDARD subscribers.

The interest of the Convention far exceeded that of our State gathering at Albany; still, it is only a *local* work done here, while the telegraphic wire and the steamship have carried the strong word uttered at the Capital to the remotest cabin at the farthermost bound of civilization. Each, in its way, has accomplished a great good to the cause of humanity.

It is good that we have again had our souls refreshed by the presence of one of freedom's pioneer champions. May another year bring us a similar blessing. Meanwhile let each and all of us do the thing our hands find to do, small though it may seem, remembering that often great results come from small causes.

With faith in the Truth, ONE OF THE MEETING.

Easton, Feb. 14, 1859.

RESOLUTIONS.

1. Resolved, That, whether the people of New York can do anything to abolish slavery in the South or not, they can forbid, and are imperatively bound by the highest moral considerations to forbid, the hunting of fugitive slaves in this Commonwealth, and to decree the immediate emancipation and full protection of all such, as soon as they touch our soil; they can and ought to cease from all slaveholding relations with the South; and therefore they can and ought, in common with the people of every other free State, to withdraw from a government which, both by practice and intention, is a grand conspiracy against justice, and a powerful bulwark of the slave system.

2. Resolved, That the subtle and malignant spirit of hostility to the Anti-Slavery cause that was at first exhibited through colonization schemes, clerical appeals, New Organization and a Liberty party (falsely so called), is now acting with far more power and hope of success in the Republican party, and calls for more vigor and watchfulness on the part of the genuine friends of the slave, than did any of its earlier manifestations.

3. Resolved, That, under our doctrine of "Dissolution of the Federal Union," as the only hope for the slave, the Republican party, in protecting slavery where it is, and in all its pledges, promises and oaths to support and prolong the Union, is quite as reprehensible as the Democratic party in seeking to extend it; and acting, as it does professedly, as a party opposed to slavery, it becomes far more dangerous to the cause of freedom than its opponents, with a more open policy and course of action.

4. Resolved, That Elihu Burritt's "Compensation system" of emancipation is both unjust, unchristian and wholly impracticable.

5. Resolved, That, in view of the oft-repeated usurpations and aggressions of the Slave Power, the utter apostacy of the American Church and State in the cause of universal liberty, the exigencies of the times demand that we have more *real, earnest* and efficient laborers in the cause of emancipation, whose spirits are imbued with the love of justice and right; and that it is the *imperative* duty of women to arouse their slumbering energies, and come forth, acting nobly their part in this glorious work; that their apathy and indifference are wholly inexcusable, while millions of their slave sisters are deprived of every God-given right.

6. Resolved, That no praise is due to the women of these States who are laboring for the purchase of the Mount Vernon estate, where repose the remains of Geo ge Washington, a man who not only protected and sanctioned the slave system, but was himself both a slaveholder and slave hunter; and, while they remain silent and inactive in regard to that institution which holds four millions of God's children in abject bondage, making merchandise and beasts of burden of myriads of their helpless sisters, and ruthlessly tearing asunder all the sacred ties of the family relation, they merit the sternest rebuke and condemnation; and, in the language of ELIZABETH CADY STANTON, we would say, "so long as the first elements of a pure democracy are found wanting in the administration of our government *to-day*, let us rather seek to restore the *glorious spirit of our revolution* than the frail walls that sheltered Washington in his last retreat."

7. Resolved, That the popular and acknowledged religion of this country, as represented in the Presbyterian, Baptist, Methodist, Congregational and other denominations, and acting through the American Bible, Tract, Missionary and other voluntary associations, is essentially conservative corrupt and cruel—not only making no war upon slavery, but, instead, apologizing for it in every possible way; but chiefly in recognizing and receiving into sacramental fellowship the slave-hunter, the slaveholder, the slave-trader and slave-breeder, when agreeing in theological dogmas, while rejecting the purest and holiest of men who do not acknowledge the popular creeds and forms of worship.

8. Resolved, therefore, That fidelity to the slave, to the cause of humanity and pure and undefiled religion, requires that we treat all such Churches as "synagogues of Satan"; and all who are joined with them in their worship as in open rebellion against the God of justice and love.

9. Resolved, That Christianity, so called, and infidelity, so called, in their relations to works of benevolence and charity, and to whatever pertains to humanity, justice and love of God and man, have really changed places and positions; and it becomes our paramount duty, now, to seek to extirpate the former from the earth, as the real cause of the continuance of slaveholding and slave-trading, with all the nameless and numberless abominations therewith connected.

10. Resolved, That while we admit there may be some in even the pulpits as well as churches who, towards Anti-Slavery, are truly honest and upright in heart, we cannot extend that charity to such men as Henry Ward Beecher, and the conductors and correspondents of papers like the New York *Independent*, who, with their clear light and great knowledge of the evils of slavery, and the guilty complicity of the Church and clergy in it, still remain in full communion, and thus lead others astray; while (worse than all) they are also giving to slavery and slaveholders the only influence and respectability which can prolong their system, or save them from the universal execration of mankind.

PENNSYLVANIA ANTI-SLAVERY FAIR.

A CARD.

THE Managers of the PENNSYLVANIA ANTI-SLAVERY FAIR cordially return their thanks to their coadjutors abroad, for their contributions to their last Fair, held in December, 1858. Only one of the boxes containing these numerous donations arrived in Philadelphia in time for the Fair, but all the rest have, since, been received; and most of the articles which they contained are reserved for our Bazaar of this year. We assure our kind friends in Bristol, Exeter, Reading, Leeds, Liverpool, Manchester, Warrington, Southampton, Leigh, Bury, Bolton, Preston and Ambleside, England; in Edinburgh, Paisley and Perth, Scotland; and in Dublin, Ireland, that their gifts are very valuable to us, not merely for their intrinsic worth, but as tokens of the hearty sympathy and active coöperation of the donors. In the beautiful handiwork of these donors, some of whom we know well by their honored names and noble deeds, their faces only being strangers to us, we read messages of pity for the American slave and encouragement for those who are working for his emancipation. We would assure all these friends abroad, who are thus sending us their hearty God-speed, that they are not laboring in vain. Not only do their gifts bring money into the treasuries of our Anti-Slavery Societies, but they cheer and invigorate us in our laborious, not wearisome, work, by reminding us that many earnest hearts in foreign lands are beating in sympathy with ours, and ardently desiring the success of our enterprise. In the name of the American slave we present them our grateful acknowledgments. M. G.

The London *Anti-Slavery Advocate* is requested to copy the foregoing.

AN EXPARTE ECCLESIASTICAL COUNCIL assembled in this city on Tuesday last, at the call of the dissatisfied members of Dr. Cheever's Church, who contend that the letters of dismission granted them by the Church, after the failure of their efforts to effect the Pastor's removal, were not such as, under Congregational usage, they were entitled to. The object of those who called the Council, though disguised under the forms of ecclesiastical law, is to kindle a fire around Dr. Cheever which shall compel him to leave the pulpit of the Church of the Puritans. We await the result, therefore, with deep interest.

OUR PHILADELPHIA CORRESPONDENT presents us this week with a very interesting narrative of a recent interview with a man who has followed the business of a slave-catcher for forty years! The story will command the thoughtful attention of every reader and awaken reflections of no ordinary character.

POLITICS.

The effort to pass resolutions, in the Legislature of Illinois, endorsing the Dred Scott decision, failed.

The Washington correspondent of *The Times*, under date Feb. 14, says: "The President to-day stated to a member of Congress, that he should call an extra session, to meet about the 1st of August."

Mike Walsh, says the Washington correspondent of *The Tribune*, has just returned from a secret mission to Mexico, and it is reported that a Commissioner Extraordinary will soon be appointed to that country, and that Mike Walsh or James Gordon Bennett will get the appointment.

The Washington correspondent of *The Times* says that the Thirty Million Cuba bill is intended to afford means for buying up Spanish bonds in Europe at their present rate of depreciation, and raising the market value by forcing the Spanish government to pay them in full or surrender Cuba as an equivalent. A nice scheme, truly!

The States says that the universal sentiment of Democratic politicians in Washington is that the leading issues of the next Presidential canvass will be the tariff and acquisition of territory, coupled with a bold and energetic foreign policy. "And the impression is equally universal that the man who, six months hence, is the *best type in popular esteem of these ideas will be the nominee at Charleston.* Platforms are voted nuisances, if a man is not put on them of the stuff to live up to them. *The platform this time must be the candidate.*"

There seems to be a very active and formidable rebellion on foot in Virginia against the National Administration. Both the leading organs of the Democratic party at Richmond denounce the policy of the President with great vehemence. His Pacific Railroad scheme, his general extravagance and the thirty million scheme have found scarcely any favor among the Democrats of the Old Dominion. And now *The Enquirer* is out against the whole project of acquiring Cuba, and submits some very forcible arguments in support of this view.

A Virginia correspondent of *The Times* says he has "very good authority" for stating that Mr. Buchanan, in spite of his disclaimers, means, if possible, to procure his own re-nomination to the Presidency in 1860, and, failing in that, to control the nomination for the man whom he may prefer. Certain Virginia office-holders are said to be vigorously at work in his behalf. It is reported that he has entered into an alliance with Mr. Breckinridge, the Vice-President, agreeing, if he fails to get the nomination for himself, to transfer his influence to him. Gen. Floyd, the Secretary of War, is said to be in the plot.

The new apportionment proposed by the Democrats in the Illinois Legislature is made expressly to perpetuate the ascendancy of that party in the State. It gives 38 members to the House of Representatives from a territory which polled 113,000 votes at the late election, and 37 members only to the remainder of the State, which cast 140,000 votes. La Salle County, according to this apportionment, which polled 7,750 votes at the late election, is only entitled to one representative, while Richland and Jasper, which polled only 2 323 votes, are allowed one representative. At the same time Madison County, which polled but 4,280 votes, is allowed two representatives. It is altogether more inequitous than the old apportionment.

PERSONAL.

Edward Everett has been compelled by a severe cold to decline repeating his lecture on Washington in this city on the 22d inst., the anniversary of his (Washington's) birth.

The Princess Frederick William of Prussia (Queen Victoria's eldest daughter) gave birth to a son on the 27th of January. Demonstrations of rejoicing followed the announcement of the event, both in England and Prussia.

Bob Butt, the Norfolk grave-digger, who, to the disgrace of the citizens of that place, is left to beg of the Northern people the means wherewith to purchase his freedom and that of his family, has found friends in the managers of the Arch street Theatre, Philadelphia, who have tendered him the use of the house, free of charge, for a benefit.

Aaron M. Powell says in a recent letter: "I have been quite unwell again from the fatigue of my anti-slavery week in Albany. I am again better, however. I had hoped to lecture for at least a month or two from this date (Feb. 15), but I cannot do it. It looks to me now as though I shall have to make up my mind to relinquish entirely the field of missionary labor in the anti-slavery cause." Abolitionists everywhere will be pained by this announcement. Mr. Powell is a young man of fine abilities, of clear perceptions, sound judgment and uncompromising fidelity. Having passed his novitiate as creditably to the cause as to himself, he is now qualified for eminent usefulness, and most deeply is it to be regretted that ill health should compel his retirement from a field in which his services are so much needed.

Horace Greeley has addressed a letter to Mr. Bonner of *The Ledger*, begging not to be included in the list of poets whose productions the latter has announced his intention of publishing in a volume. Mr. G. says:

"Mr. Bonner, be good enough—you *must*—to exclude *me* from your new poetic Pantheon. I have no business therein—no right and no desire to be installed there. I am no poet; never was (in expression), and never shall be. True, I wrote some verses in my callow days, as I presume most persons who can make intelligible pen-marks have done—but I was never a poet, even in the mists of deluding fancy. All my verses, I trust, would not fill one of your pages; they were mainly written under the spur of some local or personal incitement, which long ago passed away. Though in structure metrical, they were in essence prosaic—they were read by few, and those few have kindly forgotten them. Within the last ten years, I have been accused of all possible and some impossible offences against good taste, good morals and the common weal—I have been branded aristocrat, communist, infidel, hypocrite, demagogue, disunionist, traitor, corruptionist, &c., &c.—but I cannot remember that any one has flung in my face my youthful transgressions in the way of rhyme. Do not, then, accord to the malice of my many enemies this forgotten means of annoyance. Let the dead rest! and let me enjoy the reputation, which I covet and deserve, of knowing poetry from prose, which the ruthless resurrection of my verses would subvert, since the undiscerning majority would blindly infer that *I* considered them poetry. Let me up!"

DR. CHEEVER delivered the second of a series of discourses upon the Iniquity of Slavery and the Slave Trade, on Sunday evening last, at the Church of the Puritans on Union Square. The house was crowded to its utmost capacity. Dr. Cheever took for his text the Divine mandate, recorded in Deut. xxiii. 15, 16: "Thou shalt not deliver unto his master the servant which is escaped from his master unto thee: he shall dwell with thee, even among you in that place which he shall choose in one of thy gates where it liketh him best: thou shalt not oppress him." This solemn command of God in relation to the fugitive servants of the Hebrews was contrasted in various particulars with the Fugitive Slave law of 1850, the infamy of which was thus made apparent. The whole slave code was shown to be a master-piece of "iniquity framed by law," and no more entitled to respect than the decrees of a band of robbers and pirates. The guilt of the Church and the Ministry in conniving at this great wickedness of our time was described in fitting terms. A friend who heard him said, "Dr. Cheever is Garrison, Foster and Pillsbury rolled into one." Certainly not one of those brave servants of the cause ever denounced slavery and its upholders in terms of greater severity; and surely neither he nor they, with all their powers of description and moral indignation, have ever painted the system in colors too dark.

Dr. Cheever will deliver his third discourse to-morrow evening, at 7 1-2 o'clock, defending the Patriarch Abraham from the charge of Slaveholding. Let the house be crowded.

GOOD FOR MICHIGAN.—A bill to amend section 25 of chapter 153 of the Revised Statutes, to punish any person bringing a colored person into the State and claiming him as a slave, by imprisonment not exceeding ten years, or by a fine not exceeding $1,000, was passed in the House of Representatives of Michigan on the 9th inst., ayes 49, nays 27. We have not learned what was the fate of the bill in the Senate, but hope soon to be assured of its passage in that body and its endorsement by the Governor.

The Detroit *Free Press*, the organ of the Sham Democracy of Michigan, howls with rage over the action of the House. Its indignation is useless. The passage of similar laws in all the free States is only a question of time. Timid and truckling politicians may palter and hesitate, but the people are preparing to *demand* the enactment of laws that shall make slave-catching on Northern soil as dangerous as it is infamous; and their will must be obeyed.

ANTI-SLAVERY LABOR IN OHIO.

LETTER FROM J. A. HOWLAND.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

ALTHOUGH two months have elapsed since I called at your office on my way to the lecturing field, I have not heretofore given you any report of my progress. But this has not been occasioned by any idleness, or lack of constant and diligent work, but is owing to the fact that, although I have been very busy, I have had but a very slight list of achievements to report. Those who have ever labored as "field hands" know full well the toils, trials, sufferings and rewards of that occupation; and those who have not had an experimental knowledge thereof have undoubtedly read all they care to upon these points. So, then, as I have but slight material of the first or inspiring class whereon to draw, and the other, or chapter of lamentations, has perhaps already been overdrawn, it would seem hardly worth while to address you at all at this time, were it not that I ought to give some sign or token that I still live, and am still battling with the hosts of error and wickedness that hedge up the way of freedom.

Ohio has some light and some dark shades. Last winter I spent on the Western Reserve, which is settled mainly by New England people; and there I found a reasonable degree of refinement, intelligence, and candid reception of truth, for so newly settled a section. This winter I have labored in the Eastern and South-eastern sections of the State, below the Reserve, and bordering upon the State of Virginia; and as this section is settled mainly by immigrants from Pennsylvania, Maryland and Virginia, I do not find as much refinement and intelligence, but more bigotry and brutality than I found on the Reserve last winter. Still, there are a goodly number of good and true friends of freedom scattered through this section, who are exerting a favorable influence; and though they amount to but a *little* leaven, I hope it will be sufficient, ultimately, to leaven the whole lump, which is *large* enough in its wholeness. I have been associated, most of the time hitherto, with Benjamin S. Jones, holding meetings—sometimes with him and sometimes alone—six or eight times a week, through rain or shine, mud or snow, evil or good report, without interruption or postponement on account of the weather. And now that I have alluded to the weather, let me say that it has, for the most part, been of a most unaccommodating and unhandsome character. During a large part of December it rained. The windows of heaven seemed to have been opened, and the shutters lost or thrown away; and then the mud that resulted! it was perfectly awful! rendering locomotion very difficult indeed, as you and those who have seen *Ohio mud* well know, and those who have read Mrs. Stowe's account of Senator Bird's ride with Eliza, in "Uncle Tom," can possibly have a faint conception of. In January, we had some rain, some snow and some ice, but immediately a thaw; which altogether have not much improved locomotion, or the facilities of attendance upon evening meetings. How I have prayed for a good New England winter to come upon us, and freeze all this terrible mud fast till we had passed dry shod over it! But alas, in vain; for while you have been suffering in the experience of the coldest weather known to the oldest inhabitant, we have been basking in mildness and muddiness! Nevertheless we have had fair attendance upon all our meetings, and have not failed of any appointment on account of the weather or other cause. By fair attendance, I mean comparatively so for the places we have visited. But I smile as, sometimes, looking upon a small audience crowded in a kitchen, a wagon or a shoe-shop, or log school or meeting-house, on a dark, rainy, muddy evening, I recollect Mr. Garrison's description of an audience of twenty-five that he addressed in Harrisburg, last fall, as the *smallest* audience he ever addressed. Surely, he knows but little of the experiences of a field hand.

But we have many larger audiences, as in Deersville, Harrison County, where I am now writing this epistle. Although the doors of the Presbyterian meeting-house, as well as those of both the Episcopal and Methodist house, are shut against us, we have access to a deserted Episcopal church, that has latterly been used as a carriage shop, in which we have held forth four times to audiences that were literally packed within its narrow walls, and who listened patiently, and with great apparent interest, as we talked to them through meetings of the unconscionable length of three hours or more, and even then seeming unwilling to break up and leave; so that we have gone to our lodgings, leaving them diligently talking over and discussing earnestly the points that have been presented in our almost interminable discourses.

Our principles are not new here; meetings have been held before. There are a number of copies of *The Bugle* taken, and we have here a few true and tried friends, but I think that "Garrisonianism" never before had so thorough an airing of its principles in this place as we have given it, in both its religious and political aspects.

The way seemed well prepared for our advent. A phrenologist, who had been lecturing before our arrival to crowded houses, had referred in too complimentary a manner to Mr. Garrison to please some of the pious folks, and, to prove his wickedness, they had brought out a pamphlet production of a simpleton, the Rev. W. Simpkins, of the "United Brethren" sect, published hereabouts, a few years ago, in which he asserts that "the Garrisonians have thrown away Christianity, and trampled the Bible under foot, and, not satisfied with the present government, they seek its dissolution, hoping to build one after their own coining, similar to that of France under the Reign of Terror." "Spiritualism, in all its ramifications, is one prominent feature in their religion; Andrew Jackson Davis's Revelations is their standard work, or body of divinity." And he also speaks of the good anti-slavery times we had, "long before Garrisonianism crossed the Atlantic to spread its baneful influence upon our shores," and hinder the cause of emancipation; with other like falsehoods and stupidities, *ad nauseum*. And the citizens were thus set to inquiring and discussing what were our real principles.

At this juncture we made our debut, and showed up the folly and absurdity of these *pious frauds*, and have endeavored to give a clear and full exposition of the real principles of the American Anti-Slavery Society. Questions were asked during the meetings, and objections urged, though sometimes by cavilers, yet mainly in a candid and respectful spirit, that desires to get right information. And we learn that the topics of our discussions fully occupy the attention of the people, as they gather in the stores, shops and residences of the village. All are talking, discussing and examining if these things be so, and we doubt not much good has been done here, in the general impression of our principles on the public mind, even if no out-and-out converts are made.

We are circulating the Anti-Kidnapping Petition wherever we go, with good success. Most sign it, and large numbers of names have already gone up to the now sitting Legislature of the State, which, however, seems disposed to turn them coldly out; but nevertheless the circulation and presentation must do much good, in the agitation and elucidation of the principles and applications involved. We find it a capital text to preach from, while it also forms a searching test of the value of anti-slavery professions. Many professed Abolitionists, Republicans and Gerrit Smith men, too, refuse to sign it, on the ground that it may lead to a conflict between the State and National Governments. This can be considered but a bugbear, invented merely to screen themselves from doing what they know they ought to do, but dare not, thus puting their own avowed principles to a practical test.

J. A. H.

OUR FOREIGN SUBSCRIBERS may rest assured that if THE STANDARD fails to reach them promptly, the fault is not with us, for it is carefully wrapped and directed and deposited for them in the New York post-office. We are constrained, however, to confess that great carelessness exists in that office, and we fear our friends in Great Britain and France have suffered in consequence. The following paragraph from *The Times* affords evidence of such carelessness:

"There must be something very defective in the foreign postal arrangements in this City. A short time ago a number of letters intended for Liverpool, England, were sent, instead, to Liverpool in the British Provinces. And it now appears that the mails of the 6th of December for New Granada and the Spanish Main were forwarded to San Francisco, California. For the annoyance and pecuniary loss to which merchants in this country have been so objected there is, of course, no redress; nor will the clerks in our model post-office sleep any the less soundly in consequence; and yet an occurrence of this kind is a flagrant evidence of the want of system and care in some or other of the departments of the postal service."

This is shameful, but the evil will continue while Clerkships in the post-office are bestowed as a reward for party services. Many influences doubtless conspire to produce this state of things, but slavery is the principal cause of the prevalent unscrupulousness in the administration of this and every other department of the government.

Our Philadelphia Correspondence.

Interview with Alberti, the slave-catcher—His clerical dress and manners—His politeness—His defence of himself on Bible grounds—His opinion of Judge Parsons—His high regard and appreciation of Gov. Bigler, who released him by pardon from the Penitentiary—Mrs. Alberti suspicious—Her curious behavior—Treachery of the slaveholders to Alberti—Curious revelations—His pious regard for Sunday—The slave-catcher "a converted man"—He boasts of his exploits—His black spy "a great professor of religion," &c. &c.

PHILADELPHIA, Feb. 7th, 1859.

THERE is a man living in this city whose name has been associated with almost every remarkable slave case that has occurred in Philadelphia for the last forty years. I allude to George F. Alberti; a personage well known by repute all through this region, and not without notoriety in places distant. Though still living, his name is historical, and in annals yet to be written is destined to occupy a conspicuous place. It may not be used to designate the profession he adorns, but, like that of the famous John Ketch, it is too closely connected with his country's jurisprudence to make it possible for the historian to ignore it.

Familiar, however, as is his cognomen to most Philadel

Mitchell's that I took insisted on taking back her child with her. I knew it was born in a free State, and I didn't want to let it go with her, but she begged to have it; and at any rate, according to the laws of Maryland, the child was as much Mitchell's slave as the mother, wasn't it?"

"Perhaps so; but not according to the laws under which you and I live. I will read these documents, but I must say, in all candor, that I condemned at the trial and condemn still, Governor Bigler's pardon."

"Then you are not going to have that paper," said Mrs. Alberti, moving with the rapidity of thought towards me and snatching away the pardon.

"I am not going to trust any one that will talk in that way of Governor Bigler. He is a gentleman; *Governor Bigler is a gentleman,*" she repeated with great vehemence.

"Hetty, don't get in a passion—Hetty, my dear love, you don't understand this gentleman. He is honest; he is not a hypocrite. You need not be afraid of his hurting the papers; why should he?"

"I have seen from the beginning," said, I "that your wife was suspicious of me. If I hadn't been so frank, her fears wouldn't have been excited. But I have been entirely open with you. I have told you my errand; told you my name, my place of residence, and my sentiments; and having been thus honest with you, your wife distrusts me."

"Don't you see, Hetty, that the gentleman is no hypocrite, and that you need not be afraid; give him the paper; do."

She complied; but with ill-concealed reluctance.

"When I said that I condemned Governor Bigler's act in pardoning you, it was from no ill-feeling towards you. Nay, strongly as I am opposed to you, and utterly as I abhor your business, I would not hurt a hair of your head; and I would do anything in my power to promote your welfare—"

"You understand him, Hetty; it is the principle he is opposed to."

"All good people," I resumed, "condemned, at the time, the pardon of Governor Bigler; they believed that he did it to please the South; that he had promised, if elected, to release you; and that certain Maryland slaveholders had aided to procure his election with this view. It was well known that they took a lively interest in your welfare."

"But they never gave me a dollar. No, sir—not a dollar. Great promises were made, but I never got a dollar. I suffered much: I was nearly a year in prison; I lost time and money; I travelled backward and forward to Annapolis at my own expense; but I never got a dollar. The clerk of the Maryland Legislature wrote me that if I would get my papers all ready, and would give him half the money, he would get a bill through to compensate me. I showed the letter to Mr. Lehman, my lawyer, and he showed it to Peter A. Browne; and what does Mr. Browne do but take a copy of it and send it to Governor Lowe. I knew, as soon as I heard that, that I should get nothing. Why? Because I was sure he would defeat the whole plan. You see these members of the Legislature, at least many of them, are a corrupt set, and I suppose some of them were to get part of the money if the bill should go through. The plan was to give me part of Chaplin's bail-money. Chaplin, the Abolitionist, you know; he that was in prison, and forfeited his bail, which was ten or fifteen thousand dollars. I was to get part of that, but, owing to Peter A. Browne's sending on a copy of that letter, I never got a dollar."

Here I pressed him, as I had done several times before, in the course of our conversation, with the iniquity and infamy of his business. He received it kindly, saying, as he had done repeatedly, "If I believed as you do, I would never catch another."

"And he never will catch another," said his wife in a tone half coaxing, half affirmative.

"Yes, I would; I would catch a nigger on Monday, if I had the chance."

"On *Monday?*" said I; "why not to-morrow?"

"Because to-morrow is Sunday; I believe it would be a sin for me to do it on Sunday. Not but that I would have the law on my side; for the Judge of the United States Court—what's his name?—the man that was on the bench next but one before Judge Kane, I think it was—decided that a slaveholder could recover his slave on Sunday the same as on any other day; but still, I believing it to be a sin, God would count it to for me for sin if I was to do it."

"Alberti," said I, "you amaze me by the way you talk about Religion and the Bible. You seem to believe in both—"

"Thank God! I am no atheist—"

"But do you really believe that you have 'experienced' religion?"

"Yes, I most solemnly do. Mind; I don't say I haven't backslidden. But I humbly trust, if my Maker were to call me away to-night, that for Christ's sake he would receive me into his heavenly kingdom."

"And yet you defend this infamous business. Surely you must have misgivings; I am sure that in your inmost conscience you *must* have misgivings."

"Then you must know my mind better than I do myself."

"I feel quite confident, at any rate, that your wife does not agree with you. I believe that in her heart of hearts she thinks it wrong."

"I do," said she, with great emphasis; "and if he would take my advice, he would never have anything more to do with it. And I don't believe he will."

"Nor do I. If he does, he will be very likely to lose his life. It is a wonder he hasn't been killed long ago. But I don't think he'll ever have another chance."

"Won't I? I have warrants out for three now; and if I was well enough to see my spy, I would show you."

"Your husband glories in his shame," said I.

"He has no warrants," she replied. "Don't believe him."

"Is your spy black," said I.

"Yes; and he is a great professor of religion. He is a member of the Methodist Church. I abhor the man. I make use of him, but I abhor his treachery."

"How many have you captured in all, do you suppose, in the course of your life; a hundred?—how old are you?"

"If God spares me, I'll be 69 next April" (if that was the month. "Yes, I have taken easy a hundred"—

"Oh no, you haven't," said his wife, who seemed desirous to make the number as small as possible. "You have never taken half that many."

"Yes, I have—I have taken full that many. Why, just consider, Hetty, I have been 40 years in the business; *forty years.* A hundred isn't so many when you think of the length of time I have been at it. Why, see how many I can count. There was Coxe's niggers; see how many I caught for him. I caught three niggers in one day. Yes, sir; and got $750 for it. They were Major Jones's niggers. He bought them from Mr. Helmsley, running; that enabled Helmsley to come in as a witness. Jones gave Mr. Helmsley a hundred dollars a-piece for them. And then there was," &c., &c., &c. And so he went into an enumeration of his captives, digressing every now and then to show me his valor and skill in taking them.

But I must stop. I fear I have already made my letter too long; I was anxious, however, to give you all the material points of this remarkable conversation. Of course, it will be perceived that I have omitted much of the part that I took in it. My object has been to let Mr. Alberti speak for himself. This I have done by repeating in substance, and, so far as my memory has served me, nearly in words, just what he said. I have not followed the precise order of the conversation, but, so far as I have been able, have given a fair representation of what transpired.

I have no space, nor is there any necessity, for comment. I will only add, that I parted with Mr. and Mrs. Alberti, at the end of our interview, in an amicable manner. I gave them some books, and to Mr. Alberti added a few words of admonition. Having told them previously that I wrote sometimes for anti-slavery papers, I expressed now the presumption that he would have no objection to my repeating, as I might have occasion, what transpired at this interview. He replied that he had none whatever; so, with an invitation from him to call again, which I reciprocated, I took my leave. It is my intention, if you print this, to send him a copy.

M.

SUFFERING FROM WANT IN THE NORTH-WEST.—Jacob Ferris, representative in the Legislature of Michigan for the counties of Montcalm, Isabella, Mecosta, Osceola and Clark, writes to the Rev. Dr. Bellows of New York, asking relief for a large number of his constituents who are suffering for the necessaries of life. He says:

"In the region referred to, the settlers are scattered over a wide extent of country, from twenty five to fifty miles from stores, or places where any supplies can be had. These unfortunate men have been in the woods just long enough to have expended the means brought in with them; the *entire failure of the crops* leaves them without food, and the more fortunate without the means to pay for work. This great calamity is come upon us just at a time when we are unable to do more than barely to sustain ourselves, without contributing to the relief of the sufferers around us. Yet all are trying to do something. The spring rains drowned out the crops, and the myriads of squirrels left scarcely an ear of corn or head of wheat.

"These suffering people are industrious, frugal, temperate, and—sadly unfortunate. Unless our humane friends at the East will help us in this fearful crisis, the suffering must be great, if famine does not ensue."

"Our estimates are that between fifteen hundred and two thousand families are on the verge of absolute want; some suffering dreadfully *now*; some dying of diarrhœa."

Dr. Bellows suggests that a public meeting should be held to make further inquiries and take measures for affording relief. Mr. Ferris is coming hither to make collections.

The Tribune says:

"This fearful destitution and suffering result directly from the blighting system of Land Monopoly and Speculation hitherto upheld by our government. The starving families scattered over Northern Michigan rushed thither nearly two years ago to avail themselves of lands reduced to a York shilling per acre by the passage of Alabama Cobb's Graduation bill—and they have known nothing but famine and misery ever since. Minnesota, like nearly every new State, is cursed by the location of millions of desirable acres with Bounty Warrants—said acres being thenceforth held at prices which the needy cannot pay. The consequence is a general dispersion of the poorer pioneers over vast districts of wilderness devoid of stores, mills or supplies of food."

From our Boston Correspondent.

NO. CCXLIII.

THE ARGUMENT.—The Correspondent on St. Valentine's Day—He recurreth to the Festival and congratulateth—He maketh a transition to the historian Prescott—Describeth him and moralizeth as to his fortunate misfortune—He commendeth Mr. Carter's Account—He telleth how he fell into the hands of Commissioner Curtis—He describeth Mr. Webster's statue and appointeth its uses and improvements, &c. &c. &c.

BOSTON, Feb. 14, 1859.

IF I were young and you were younger, and a charming young lady instead of a crabbed old editor, I should have no difficulty about my letter to-day. For I should be sending you a Valentine, of course, this being the Feast of the genial saint of that style and title. But as you a'n't, and as Blackstone, and Coke before him, affirms that even the omnipotence of Parliament cannot make a man a woman, or a woman a man, I shall have to try and waste my usual quantity of paper in telling my usual quantity of nothing in a more common way. You cannot be so unreasonable as to expect another such account as I gave you in my last letter of the Anti-Slavery Festival and of the troops of pilgrims that came and laid their offerings of gold and of silver, not to mention current bank-notes, on the altar of the Cause. No, such an occasion, like Christmas, comes only once a year, and you must wait a twelvemonth for a second edition, which, we will hope, will be enlarged and improved, as second editions of good works should be. I am glad, however, to see that I did not exaggerate the result, which is rather bigger, I think, than I promised you.

The principal occurrence of the last fortnight has been the death of the historian, Prescott. His literary eminence and extended fame made this inevitable event deeply interesting to great multitudes of readers all over the country. For, as everybody reads in this country, and as Mr. Prescott had furnished the readers with more good and entertaining matter than perhaps any other native author, excepting Washington Irving, it was but just and natural that very many should feel as if they had lost a personal friend who had never seen him in the flesh. Only, it seems a pity, inevitable as the event was, that it could not have been deferred a few years until he had finished the great work he had on hand. But pale Death pays no more regard to things literary than to things political, and strikes with equal foot on the study of the scholar as on the cottage of the poor and the palace of the king. At least, Horace says so, and I believe eighteen hundred years have not contradicted his assertion. Mr. Prescott died with harness on his back, at any rate, as it is affirmed that he was at work in his vocation almost up to the hour of his death. He was a very handsome man, with an animated, cheerful, benevolent expression of countenance, and conciliated the good will of every one that saw him, and the affection of those that saw him oftenest. I happened to meet him the afternoon of the day before he died, and have a very fresh recollection of his cordial and friendly greeting as we passed. No one that knew him envied him the fame he had won or the more substantial wealth which he had perceived from his literary labors.

His case is a striking one of the way in which what seem to be calamities prove to be but blessings in disguise. It is well known that he lost the proper use of his eyes, though not blind for ordinary purposes, as far as study was concerned. A classmate at the Commons table, more than forty years ago, threw a potato-skin, or a crust of bread, or some impromptu missile of the kind, at Mr. Prescott, which struck him in the eye and produced the disease which deprived him of their perfect use. The lad little thought that he had really bestowed fame and fortune on the companion he had thus unintentionally injured by his rough play. And yet it was unquestionably so. Mr. Prescott, as the son of an eminent lawyer, would naturally have fallen into that profession, and probably have been a pains-taking lawyer, with the degree of profit and reputation that is to be won in those fields. Probably not a larger proportion of your readers would ever have heard of him than have heard of his father, a man of distinguished merit and success in his day. But that career being closed to him, and being forced back upon himself for occupation, he overcame his physical difficulties, resisted the temptation to lettered indolence which his fortune would have justified and his misfortune have excused, and made himself, by hard labor and indefatigable perseverance, one of the world's celebrities, besides conjuring a large estate out of his inkstand.

The *Weekly Tribune* of last week contained a very interesting account of his method of working, and of his character and manners, written by Mr. Robert Carter, for more than a year his amanuensis. Mr. Carter there states the change which had come over Mr. Prescott's views on public matters between 1847 and 1856. In the first year he was what was called an Old Whig of the Boston school, in the last he was voting for Fremont and Burlingame, as a testimony against the policy of the country as to slavery. In this respect he was only a Representative Man, as there were many of his own class and condition who had undergone the same change. He always retained his personal friendship for Mr. Sumner, after the Snobbery of Boston had proposed punishing him for his public course by withdrawing from him the light of their private countenances! He was not in the city when Mr. Sumner had his public reception after the attempt at assassination of Brooks. It is said that he expressed his regret at this circumstance, adding that, had he been at home, he should have hung out in front of his house on Beacon street, through which the procession passed, those lines of Mark Antony over the body of the murdered Cæsar:

> "There you, and I, and all of us, fell down,
> And bloody treason flourished over us!"

I presume the knowledge of this fact will save him from slaveholding eulogy, which might otherwise have been visited upon him. I think it was the College at Columbia, S. C., that gave him his first degree of LL. D., after he had begun to be famous. But, I imagine, he will have no posthumous honors from any of that latitude after this fact and those disclosed by Mr. Carter are spread abroad there. It did not suffice, however, to shield him from the eulogy of Mr. George T. Curtis, whom all your readers know as the Commissioner who was swift to send back poor Sims to Savannah, to be whipped to death. What possible call he could suppose himself to have to foist his opinions of Mr. Prescott among those of such men as were thought the most fit to express the sense the Historical Society felt of their loss, it is not easy to imagine. How he came to be free of that body is more than people in general can divine. I am told it was by personal influence making an occasion of a heavy compilation he has made about the Constitution of the United States. As none of the members had probably read it—indeed, nobody could and live—they were probably induced to take it for granted as a qualification had let him in rather than encounter the work itself. But I imagine the ballot-boxes would not have had black-balls enough for the distress, had the members had any idea that he would seize so sudden an occasion to mix himself up with the great fame and unblemished reputation of Mr. Prescott. But I suppose that there always will be found a fly in every box of ointment, even of that prepared against the burial of great and good men.

Powers's statue of Mr. Webster has just arrived, and is set up in the hall of the Athenæum until its final resting-place is decided upon. It is a pity that it did not find one where its predecessor lies, in the deep bosom of the ocean buried, deeper than ever plummet sounded. And yet it had been a pity if it had, for there never was a molten retribution to compare with this. The sternest censor of the Seventh of March Speech may look upon this, his counterfeit presentment, and be dumb. It is a penance and an expiation to be thus set up for the finger of scorn to point at. Mr. Webster deserved severe treatment for his later apostacies, but it is almost too much to hold him up to ridicule in this fashion. It would have been but just in the artist to make Mr. Webster's face handsome, and, if he had taken the average of his prosperous life, before he sold his soul to the devil and died because he could not get his pay, he could hardly have had a better subject. His face is made actually ugly, and his brow looks as thunder-blasted as Satan's, without any of the beauty that even heaven's lightning could not utterly abolish and destroy. If the poor heart-broken, disappointed politician has any enemies in whose breasts the judgments that crushed him have not quenched all private grudges and left nothing but stern historic blame for his great misconduct and contempt for his enormous blunder, they would desire no other expression of their idea of him than this. I meant to protest against the idea of this statue being set up in any public place in this city. But I withdraw all objection now. Let it stand in the most conspicuous spot that can be found, as a perpetual warning against overweening ambition, and an enduring witness of its crimes and the judgments that follow close upon them. But I am afraid it will be hid away somewhere where it must be sought in order to be seen. And, if so, do not fail to seek it out, for it is as good a moral lesson (and of the same character) as a hanging. D. Y.

Our Washington Correspondence.

A Radical Anti Slavery Sermon in Washington—The Republican and Democratic parties under review—Free Speech in Washington—Lucretia Mott expected here—Jessie White Mario—Her boldness and truth in the presence of slaveholders—The Oregon bill—The debate—Eloquent passage from Mr. Bingham's speech—Disgraceful conduct of Eli Thayer of Massachusetts—The final passage of the bill—The Cuban bill—Its prospects.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Feb. 15, 1857.

AT the risk of tiring your readers of the subject, I shall again allude to the anti-slavery preaching which we have had in Washington all winter, from the lips of the Rev. Mr. Barnett.

Last Sunday morning he preached upon the general subject of slavery and the relations of the Democratic and Republican parties thereto. As it was the most radical of his series of sermons upon slavery, I am happy to say that a goodly number of Congressmen were present. The sermon was written, I should judge, for the especial benefit of this description of sinners—certainly they need it quite as much as any other class of transgressors. The preacher is no politician, nor has he any strong sympathy for any political party. In his review of the Democratic party, he was necessarily severe, and he was not sparing in his criticisms upon the Republican party. He took the most radical ground, contending that if the Republican party would not occupy a bold position, it must die; that it should wage war against slavery not only in the Territories, but *everywhere within this Union.* That party, too, must stand up for the rights of the free negro in the free States—give him his political and social rights—in short, combat the vile anti-negro prejudice. The Democratic party of to-day is founded upon *negro-hate,* he said, and the Republican party should attack it boldly and bravely in its stronghold. These sentiments were perhaps unpalatable to a portion of the audience, but they will accomplish much good, nevertheless. The preacher, in the preliminary portions of his discourse, gave some thrilling facts in reference to the condition of the colored people of Washington, bond and free—a spot which the Republicans admit is under their control and which must submit to the government of the nation. Liberty *as a principle* had fled from the country. It existed only *as an accident.* The President himself might be torn from the White House but for the accident of his birth; *it was not the color of his heart, but his skin,* which saved him from the lash!

I have alluded somewhat particularly to this sermon because its delivery in Washington, in the midst of slavery, was a novel and sterling spectacle. Surely the anti-slavery cause has gained something in its long warfare with slavery and its supporters, for the most radical sentiments upon the subject can be uttered here with safety, and I understand that Lucretia Mott will, before Congress closes, preach upon the same subject, in the same church. Mr. Garrison himself or Wendell Phillips would be quite as safe here as in New York; and if either of them would come here during the session of Congress, he would attract a large audience.

Saturday evening Jessie White Mario, the wife of the Italian Count Mario, the English lady so celebrated for her heroism in Italy, delivered a lecture in Washington upon her favorite subject, that of Italian liberty. Out of curiosity I went to hear the lecture, greatly fearing that I should discover, in this slave city, a studied avoidance of any language which might offend the ear of any stray slaveholder among the audience. My apprehensions were strengthened when I saw upon my right Senator Brown of Mississippi, one of the most unblushing defenders of slavery and the slave trade in Congress, and I may as well add one of the most consistent and logical defenders of the great iniquity. But Jessie, to her honor be it spoken, did not, Kossuth-like, tell her audience that she did not propose to interfere with our domestic institutions, but declared, with great spirit and eloquence, that she believed liberty to be the birthright of every human being of whatever race! I conclude that if she said this to a Washington audience, she can be relied on, everywhere in this country, not to play the sneak; and as she goes at once into the Northern States to repeat her lecture, I commend it and her to all men and women who love liberty or to listen to high-toned eloquence. She is a master of genuine eloquence; and though her gesticulations are not so graceful as her rhetoric, and her voice will bear criticism, yet few public lecturers are her equals in the power to enchain and interest an audience. The audience, I am sorry to say, was not large, but it was select and appreciative. The Countess makes a somewhat singular appearance upon the platform. Her features have not that regularity which is associated with our ideas of female beauty, and still there is much that is beautiful in her intelligent face and flashing eye.

The passage of the Oregon bill, and the consequent admission of another State into the Union, is the great act of the past week in Congress. The bill passed the Senate last winter, and has awaited since then an opportunity in the House to be reported from the Territorial Committee. This was done last week, Thursday, when it was agreed by both sides of the House that the vote should be taken at twelve o'clock Saturday. On Friday several speeches were delivered, which will long distinguish the gentlemen who delivered them. It was apparent that day that there are Republicans in Congress who hate slavery and who do not share in the wicked and disgraceful prejudice against color which exists in every State of this Union. The three great speeches of the day, which soar far above the other speeches of the debate, were made by Mr. Dawes of Massachusetts, Mr. Clark B. Cochrane of New York, and Mr. Bingham of Ohio. The speech of the last-named gentleman was the finest, considered from every point of view, that I ever listened to in Congress. All these speeches were principally upon the anti-negro features of the Oregon Constitution. Mr. Dawes made a strong speech in defence of that class of Massachusetts citizens insulted and struck down by that document, and left his two colleagues, Messrs. Comins and Thayer, who defended and voted for the bill, in a most pitiable condition. Mr. Bingham's speech was a stream of burning eloquence, from beginning to end, in defence of the rights of the colored man, and he was listened to by every man in the House, and perhaps the most attentive of his listeners were the slaveholders present. It is impossible to give the distant reader any idea of the effect of this speech upon his great audience—for the galleries were crowded—but he may possibly imagine the almost death-like stillness with which these closing sentences were received:

"This provision, sir, which denies a fair trial in the courts of justice, excludes the same class of our fellow-citizens, native born, forever from the territory of that State. This is not only a violation of that provision of the Constitution of the United States to which I have before referred, which secures to the citizen of each State the privileges and immunities of citizens in every State of the Union; but it is, I maintain, a flagrant violation of the law of nature, as recognized by every civilized nation on the globe. It is, sir, the public law of the civilized world that every free man is entitled to live in the land of his birth. Oregon, by becoming incorporated into the Union, becomes part of the country of every American citizen, and therefore no citizen of the United States can rightfully be excluded from it. If one State may rightfully do this, every State may; if it be right for one State thus to violate this law of domicile, acknowledged by all the world, it would be right for every State in the Union to exclude every native-born colored man in America. What, in the name of God, would you do with these men, these eight hundred thousand free, native-born men, of our common country! In the name of eternal justice, I deny this State right to exile any of its native-born freemen, or deny them a fair bearing in maintenance of their rights in the courts of justice.

"No, sir; it was not to legalize this horrid injustice that America was allowed to assume her proud place amongst the nations. It was not to this end that the immortal Genoese, guided alone by Providence and that tiny magnet which twinkles on its card like a beam of light, gave to the oppressed nations of the Old World this new heaven and new earth. It was not to this end that the Pilgrims came with their hymns of lofty cheer;

> 'And the stars heard, and the sea;
> And the sounding aisles of the dim wood rang
> To the anthem of the free!'

It was not to this end that the fathers of the Republic put forth their great Declaration, and in defence of it walked through the fire and storm and darkness of a seven years' war. It was not to this end that God gave them the victory, and set for them his bow in the cloud like a brightness out of heaven, giving token that the wild deluge of oppression and blood should not again sweep over their habitations. It was not to this end that, after the victory was thus achieved, those brave old men, with the dust of Yorktown yet fresh upon their brows, and the blood of Yorktown yet fresh upon their garments, proclaimed to the world, and asked it to be held in everlasting remembrance, 'that the rights for which America had contended were the rights of human nature.'"

I cannot pass by the speech of Eli Thayer, of Massachusetts, without expressing my utter abhorrence of it. It was cold-blooded, monstrous and disgraceful. He talked of the colored race as if they were rightfully spit upon and buffeted in all parts of this country. He assumed an apologetic tone for those villainous negro-haters in the free States who have put upon their statute books laws which would crimson the cheek of the worst despot in Europe. Eli Thayer, coming from the heart of Massachusetts, from good old Worcester County, thus misrepresented his constituents, and I leave him to settle his account with his anti-slavery neighbors.

A host of objections were raised against the passage of the bill, but, after all, *the* gigantic obstacle was the clause in the Constitution of Oregon which outlaws the colored race and which deliberately violates one of the fundamental provisions of the United States Constitution. The clause alluded to is so monstrous in its hellish barbarity that it is a wonder that any Democrat from a free State could have risked perdition by endorsing it. It transforms the negro into something worse than a beast. It violates all law—God's law—public law—and the written Constitution. *Fourteen Republicans* voted to make that inhuman clause a living Constitution of a State—enough to have killed the bill had they seen fit to vote with the great body of the party. Several Southern Democrats were so independent of party as to vote against the bill upon the ground that as the Democratic party of last winter had established one rule—that of a representative population—for the admission of a Republican State, it was shamefully dishonorable to break down this rule for the admission of a Democratic State.

But the bill was passed—Oregon is a State of this Union, and the work before us is to try to civilize and Christianize it—I confess a discouraging job.

The debate on the Cuban bill goes on in the Senate and calls forth some good speeches. Benjamin, of Louisiana, has delivered the most brilliant speech in support of the bill, and Crittenden and Doolittle the best ones against it. Of course, the bill will pass the Senate, but in the House there will ensue a desperate fight over it. It cannot be possible that such a disgraceful proposition will succeed in the popular branch of Congress; and yet so many abominations have been endorsed by that body that one must be very hopeful to expect that it will have the virtue to defeat any measure, however iniquitous, that has the sanction of the Executive. D. S. T.

DEATH OF LUCIA MARRIOTT.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

ANOTHER endeared friend has passed on to the realm of spirit life. LUCIA MARRIOTT died on Monday evening, the 7th inst., at her residence near Hudson, in the 73d year of her age.

The anti-slavery cause, throughout its career of a quarter of a century, has had in her a clear-sighted, conscientious and devoted friend. Her gentle, loving spirit has been most fully, through a long life, a personal exemplification of Christian benevolence and virtue.

While we fondly cherish her memory, as we have known her in the past let us hope that the pulsations of her new and higher life may be henceforth as really felt to vibrate in all our hearts. AARON M. POWELL.

Ghent, N. Y., Feb. 10, 1859.

Summary.

The following notice was to be seen posted on a shutter in Laurens street yesterday:

"This Stoore ist Closd
an Count of Dead in the Fameli."—*Eve. Post.*

Another centennial anniversary is to be celebrated—that of the poet Schiller, who was born Nov. 11, 1759. The Germans of Philadelphia have held meetings recently, to make arrangements for the ceremony.

The Rev. John Long delivered a lecture on "Lager Bier," at Lynchburg, Va., not long since. He denounced the popular beverage, and affirmed that its excessive use had contributed in a great degree to the intellectual decay of the German race.

Mr. Caldwell, one of the State Senators of Virginia and twice Mayor of Wheeling, the other day delivered at the Court House in that city a very strong speech in favor of free labor—the first speech of the kind ever delivered in that city. The audience was large, and the sensation considerable.

We learn that of the $27,000 it was proposed to raise in New England in aid of Antioch College, all but *five thousand* dollars has been secured. There have been a number of donations of $1,000 each, and several of $500, and it is to be hoped that the whole sum required will soon be secured.

During the past year Lynn has manufactured more than 16,000 000 pairs of shoes. The shoe business of Massachusetts is valued at $40,000,000 a year, and one half the shoes made in that State are manufactured in Lynn; so the thriving city of Lynn annually manufactures $20,000,000 worth of shoes.

THE SLAVE TRADE.—A private letter from Jacksonville, Florida, states that a bark left there a few weeks ago for Africa, to take in a cargo of negroes for that State and Georgia, and that a brig left port the previous day to meet the vessel, and transport the cargo at sea. The letter states that it is firmly believed, at Jacksonville, that the slave trade has been reopened.

Powers's statue of Webster has been placed upon its pedestal at the Athenæum in Boston. The figure is of bronze, eight feet high, holding in the right hand a scroll, and with the left hand resting upon what appeared in its packing to be the Roman fasces.

The Missouri Legislature has under advisement a bill for the expulsion of free negroes from that State within a year, or the alternative of their being made slaves and remaining as slaves. Petitions are circulating requesting the Legislature to prohibit the introduction of any more slaves into the State. There is a strong emancipation movement at work, and the conflicting parties seem to be struggling for the supremacy.

The Prince Regent of Sweden has made a move in favor of religious toleration in that Kingdom, by granting his sanction to meetings for worship being held elsewhere than in the parish churches, provided they are not opened at the same times that are set apart for public service by the clergy of the district. Permission is also granted to laymen to address such meetings under certain restrictions.

John A. Washington's runaway negro Joe is said to have been in Boston for a week, and is now off for Canada. He is described as intelligent and quite as white as Daniel Webster ever was. He represents John A. Washington to be a very mean and base fellow, clear through from skin to marrow—but then these negroes take such unaccountable dislikes to white men.

Rev. J. T. Osgood, Universalist minister at Machias, Me., has recovered, in a suit at law, the sum of $15 from one of his parishioners, J. Crandom, subscribed towards the minister's salary. Crandom resisted the collection on the ground that he subscribed on condition that the minister should not preach politics, and that the condition was violated. But the jury would not discriminate between politics and religion, and gave the verdict to the clergyman.

TELEGRAPHING TWO THOUSAND MILES IN ONE CIRCUIT.—On Saturday evening the National Telegraph Line worked in an unbroken circuit from New York to Leavenworth, Kansas, and subsequently to Prairie du Chien, Wis. Messages were sent and received with the same promptness with which they could have been sent 50 miles. The distance by the wires to Leavenworth is nearly 2,000 miles. Despatches were also dropped at all the principal cities on the route.

Mr. Vaughan, editor of the Leavenworth (Kansas) *Times*, is out in a card in his own defence, in reference to the recent fugitive slave case. He says: "That I helped Charley Fisher to escape may be true—that I am rejoiced in his escape is certain. It is also equally true and certain that I am responsible for all that has appeared in the *Times* relative to the matter. If I have outraged any law, let me suffer. If any individual feels aggrieved, he can have all the satisfaction he desires."

We have a startling appeal from the people of Bruce County, in the north-west part of Canada West. The three thousand population of that county are in a most pitiable and heart-rending state of destitution. There are hundreds of families there, it is said, verging on starvation. Unless some means of relief are promptly devised, the most terrible results will follow. The inhabitants of Bruce County are mostly from the Highlands of Scotland.

A fugitive slave, named Charles Fisher, was rescued, Jan. 25, from the custody of the United States Marshal at Leavenworth, Kansas. He was claimed by a Mr. Hutchinson, of Kentucky. A writ of *habeas corpus* was issued out, and the door of the room in which the negro was confined was broken open by Deputy-Sheriff Boyle, who proceeded to serve the process. The man was taken to the house of Judge Gardner, a few miles from Leavenworth. An indignation meeting followed the rescue, at which strong pro-slavery speeches were made.

A St. Petersburg letter says: "The Emperor Alexander has recently shown his love of justice by severely punishing the Count Cy, a great landed proprietor, for cruelly illtreating a Prussian upholsterer and his man, whom he placed in confinement and refused either to let go or pay them for their work. By the Emperor's sentence the Count is deprived of his rank and decorations, declared incapable of holding any public office, and further condemned to pay a fine of several thousand roubles."

No single women are allowed in Japan. Every man is allowed one legal wife, and as many second wives as his means will allow him to support. The second wives are selected by law from the poorer classes of society, whose relatives are unable to maintain them, and the children are all adopted by the legal wife, who is the only acknowledged mother. The old rule is therefore reversed in Japan, where, instead of a boy not knowing his own father, hundreds do not know their own mother.

A BOY CARRIED OVER THE FALLS OF NIAGARA.—A sad accident occurred at Niagara Falls on Saturday. An adopted son of Mr. Gibbs, foreman of the paper mills, accidently fell into the river and was carried over the American Fall. We understand that the lad was on the ice, near the mills, where men had been running the drift ice from the flume, and accidently fell into the swift stream. He was not seen to fall, but was seen some distance down the river, in the rapids, when beyond the reach of human aid, and speedily passed over, of course to rise no more alive. The child was twelve years old, and a lad of much promise.—*Rochester Union, Jan. 31st.*

The Tiffin (Ohio) *Tribune* states that on Sunday morning of last week a lady named Phillips, a travelling agent of the American Sunday School Union, addressed the Sunday Schools of that place in its behalf, and in the afternoon occupied the pulpit of the M. E. Church. [What are we coming to, when the American Sunday School Union thus follows the "infidel" example of the American Anti-Slavery Society? Where's Lewis Tappan?]

A challenge to skate was given by Miss ——— of Salem, a Di Vernon young lady, who saucily gave out that if any of the male gender could catch her, she would forfeit a kiss. *The Boston Herald* says that an athletic negro, bearing of the challenge, gave chase, and soon his arm encircled her waist. Her brother, however, averted the impending smack by presenting the fellow with a $5 bill—telling him to "slide." The African started on a "bender" with the funds, remarking audibly that he "wouldn't give $5 to kiss any wite gal libin."

A SINNER AMONG THE SAINTS.—Deacon Lewis Wilder of Boston was victimized at the North street prayer meeting on Tuesday. A young man who sat beside him professed deep religious feeling, and finally asked for a private interview. The good deacon went to the door with him, where the young man expressed his penitence for his past sinful course and received some very good advice. Turning to go, he asked the time of day, when Deacon Wilder drew out his gold watch, which the sham penitent seized and made off with. The deacon gave chase, but soon lost sight of the rogue.

RUSSIA.—We translate from the *Correspondence Havas,* dated Jan. 16, the following:

"The crown peasantry have been permitted to enter the class of apanage peasants, and to establish themselves on the spanages upon conforming to the ordinary formalities. This is a new step for emancipation.

"The Committee of Nobles has decided that its deliberations shall be public. All nobles have a right to be present, and others may be authorized by the President."

A SURPRISE PARTY.—The Hartford *Press* relates that on Wednesday evening, as a young clergyman was skating down the Connecticut at great speed, he came so unexpectedly upon a group of young ladies that he could not turn to avoid them, and therefore, to prevent accident, caught one by the waist and took her with him. As soon as the astonished female could recover her speech, he was saluted with "Who's dat a huggin' me so?" and, on looking upon his frail burden's face, the young clergyman found that it was black as night. He did not carry her far, and doesn't enjoy compliments for his politeness.

SHIP CAPTAIN ARRESTED ON A CHARGE OF SLAVE STEALING.—Capt. Edward Dunn, of the ship Fanny Forrester, was arrested on board of his ship last night, by Lieut. Simon, on a charge of enticing away the slave woman Martha, belonging to Mr. Simmons. Wind of the affair having previously reached the ears of the police, the ship was watched at night; and those who were watching saw two negroes go aboard the ship, one carrying a bundle of clothes. The Lieutenant, on boarding the ship, found one of the negroes in the captain's cabin, and this was Martha, disguised as a man. The other negro was Jack, belonging to the same master. Captain and negroes were all locked up.—*N. O. Picayune.*

TOBACCO.—Dr. Harlow, the Superintendent of the Maine Insane Asylum, in his annual report of that institution for 1858, says:

"The use of tobacco, now so general, is one of the most powerful agents that can be employed to impair the functions of the stomach and digestive organs, and prevent the healthy exercise of the mental powers. Its pernicious effect upon the brain and nervous system is obvious to all who are called to treat the insane. A large class of our patients have been addicted to its inveterate use, and in many cases it has been a prominent cause in developing the disease."

A FUGITIVE SLAVE IN THE WHITE HOUSE.—The *Evening Post's* Washington correspondent tells a good saying by Thaddeus Stevens, the Republican representative elect from Mr. Buchanan's District:

"A gentleman was referring, in presence of Thaddeus Stevens, to the possibility of Mr. Buchanan's turning against the South for the purpose of retrieving his lost fortune in Pennsylvania, and asked Mr. Stevens what he thought would be the result. Mr. Stevens replied that there would be no trouble about that, as the South could reclaim him at any time under the Fugitive Slave law! The inquirer seemed perfectly satisfied."

A CASE OF KIDNAPPING.—Considerable excitement has prevailed among the colored people of Boston, for several weeks past, in consequence of the mysterious abduction of the child of a colored woman living in Southack street. The mother came, it is supposed, from Virginia, some time last spring, with her child, and husband, who is a white man. A few weeks since they made arrangements to go to Baltimore; the goods and chattels were all packed and placed on board a vessel; but while the mother was making a farewell call upon a friend, the child was kidnapped from a woman named Peters, in whose care it had been left during her absence, and no trace of it has yet been discovered.—*Mass. Spy.*

MORE OPPRESSION.—The Cincinnati *Gazette* correspondent writes from Columbus, on Saturday, of the Senate, which was in session:

"The Bill forbidding 'persons, in whole or in part, of African descent' from voting, has passed the Senate, and is now the law of Ohio. The punishment is from one to six months in the county jail, and a fine not exceeding five hundred dollars."

We do not recollect the passage of this bill in the House. If it has become a law—so, an *enactment*—it is eminently worthy of this Legislature, and must nearly complete its mission, which was to persecute better men with darker skins. Such an act must and shall be repealed.

TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS MORE PAID TO MR. WASHINGTON.—The January number of the *Mount Vernon Record* announces that on the 14th of December, the anniversary of Washington's death, the Regent of the Mount Vernon Association caused the sum of $10 000 to be paid to Mr. Washington, towards the purchase of Mount Vernon. By this payment, Mr. Washington has now received $85,000 of the purchase mud. Fifteen thousand dollars more are invested in so advantageous a manner that it is thought best that they should remain untouched at present. A number of States, actively employed in collecting, have not commenced to transfer their funds to the Regent or the Treasurer.

STATE INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL FOR GIRLS.—We wish every one in the State could read the Annual Reports of the Trustees of this institution at Lancaster, Mass., if only to learn the power of kindness and practical Christian culture, to overthrow vicious habit, and win the heart to virtue. Nearly one hundred girls of the class especially called "depraved" are there, many of whom nevertheless exhibit all the signs and fruits of genuine repentance and reform. The Superintendent and Chaplain, Rev. Bradford K. Peirce, is very successful in his peculiar and useful office. As furnishing the demonstration of a moral principle, we consider that the school amply repays the State for the expense of its workings.—*Zion's Herald.*

THE LAW PROSTRATE IN UTAH.—Late advices from Salt Lake show that the victory over the Mormons is perfectly barren of results, and that the laws cannot be enforced. Judge Sinclair had adjourned the grand jury sine die, upon the petition of nine of its members, in which they declared their inability to proceed in the examination of witnesses in consequence of the excitement and violence manifested towards them. The jury was composed of nine Gentiles and twelve Mormons, and the factious spirit ran so high that revolvers were freely drawn. A general fight with great difficulty was prevented. Any idea of obtaining an impartial trial is considered preposterous by the Gentiles, and there seems to be no remedy but the establishment of martial law.

DEATH OF THE FIRST YANKEE CLOCK MAKER.—Died, at Plymouth Hollow, Conn., Jan. 29, Seth Thomas, Esq., a

Miscellaneous Department.

THE WORTH OF HOURS.

BY RICHARD MONCKTON MILNES.

Believe not that your inner eye
Can ever in just measure try
The worth of hours as they go by;

For every man's weak self, alas!
Makes him to see them, as they pass,
As through a dim or tinted glass.

But if in earnest care you would
Mete out to each its part of good,
Trust rather to your after mood.

Those surely are not fairly spent
That leave your spirit bowed and bent
In sad unrest and ill content.

And more; though free from seeming harm,
You rest from toil of mind or arm,
Or slow retire from Pleasure's charm;

If then a painful sense comes on,
Of something wholly lost and gone,
Vainly enjoyed or vainly done;

Of something from your being's chain
Broke off not to be linked again
By all mere memory can retain;

Upon your heart this truth may rise:
Nothing that altogether dies
Sufficed man's just destinies.

So should we live that every hour
May die as dies the natural flower,
A self-reviving thing of power;

That every thought and every deed
May hold within itself the seed
Of future good or future need;

Esteeming sorrow, whose employ
Is to develop, not destroy,
Far better than a barren joy.

ROBERT EMMET.

I want a hero: an uncommon want.—Byron.

Translated for The Standard *from the French of Madame* D'Haussonville.

IN CONTINUATION.....VIII.

"I shall be hung to-morrow." The government journal, the London *Chronicle*, giving an account of his last hours and execution, is scandalized at the "light, careless way in which he profanely speaks of his approaching end. He remained to the last what he was during yesterday's session; the same mixture of coolness and effrontery, as if in mockery of the terrible circumstances that surrounded him. Nothing could less resemble the calmness of the true Christian. God preserve us from men of such principles! Still, we have never seen a man die as he did." It may here be remarked that with these modern Romans, as with the ancient ones, religion is not only an object of sincere veneration, but also an instrument of government. According to the same journal, Robert Emmet was a determined infidel—the minister of the Gospel who attended him in his last moments making vain efforts to convince him of the error of the fatal doctrines he had adopted on the continent and bring him back to better sentiments. Robert Emmet ended by saying, "I thank you for the trouble you have taken, but it is of no avail. My opinions are long ago settled, and it is not at such an hour as this that I can change them."

We always inquire with the deepest interest how a lofty intelligence reads the riddle of our mysterious destiny, and more than ever when that intellect is united to a true soul, capable of devotedness even to martyrdom. Robert Emmet was by birth a Protestant and a member of the established Church. Some historians, however, have agreed with the London *Chronicle* that the faith of this young disciple of the French revolution was that of Plato, and the profession of the *Vicaire Savoyard*, one of the most beautiful religious movements that has ever been raised to the pale light of reason by the hand of man. In this hope and faith, extinct in our modern times, died more than one martyr to Liberty: Malesherbes, André Chenier, Bailly, Madame Roland. The Italians relate that Mario Pagano, who perished on the scaffold at Napies in 1799, read during the last night of his life to the companions of his dungeon, soon to undergo the same fate, that sublime apostrophe in which one seems suddenly to see open, at the words of genius, the shining gates of another life. Still, Thomas Moore assures us, in his Memoirs, that Fitzgerald and Emmet, more fortunate than many children of that age of incredulity, joined to the culture of the French revolution a firm and ardent faith in the truths of Christianity. As to Robert Emmet, it is certain, from the only authentic accounts, those of his fellow-prisoners, that he remained true to his early faith.

Towards midnight they came to take the prisoner, to carry him two miles from thence, under pretext of being nearer to the place of execution. The true reason was lest his eloquence should now, as aforetime, stir the popular mind. They feared a rescue, and thought the new prison would be more easily defended than that of Kilmainham in case of attack. Robert Emmet complained of not being left in peace during his few remaining hours. They had, in fact, loaded him with irons, with so much brutality and so little care that the blood sprung from his bruised limbs. The jailer took off his irons and gave him some refreshment, of which he was in great need; for he had been in court from ten o'clock in the morning till eleven at night without anything to eat. "The jailer," says *The Times* correspondent, "continued to treat him kindly, up to the moment when, thanking him for his humanity, Robert Emmet left the prison for the scaffold."

Thanks to youth and fatigue, he slept profoundly. With the first dawning of the day that was to shine upon his fate, he rose, knelt and prayed, asked for a cup of milk, which he drank, and then wrote a letter to his brother in America, which contained the plan of the insurrection. He earnestly desired that his brother might be acquainted with this plan, from which alone he could judge of the whole affair and the reasons of its failure. This letter contained all the details of his projects. He concludes thus: "I know what hypocrites will say of this disaster, without knowing a single one of the causes which have produced it. Whether it failed by chance or for the reasons they assign, matters little to them. They will not distinguish between a prophecy fulfilled and a prophecy justified. The same persons who would have attributed to us unlimited sagacity if we had succeeded will now affirm that nothing was foreseen, and everything ill-directed. They predicted, too, that the secret could not be kept, the preparations organized or the day fixed, without the knowledge of the Castle; that government would let the plot ripen, in order to crush it at leisure: yet nothing of the sort was in point of fact realized. Those who would have flattered success, calumniated failure; and, not satisfied with claiming as due the merit of having in part foreseen what happened, outrage with their rash judgments the last refuge of misfortune." He charged Mr. Wickham, Secretary of State for Ireland, to send it to his brother, accompanying it with the following letter.

ROBERT EMMET TO MR. WICKHAM.

"September, 1803.

"Sir: If I had been allowed to continue my defence, it was my intention not only to acknowledge the delicacy with which I have been personally treated, but also publicly to do justice to the mildness of the present administration in Ireland. I wished to exculpate it, as far as in me lay, from the charge of negligence and incapacity in not having discovered a secret so faithfully kept as to render discovery impossible. I should even have explained why this administration could not, in the actual position of the country, prevent, but must naturally accelerate, our effort to overturn a government of which I think less highly. I wish, then, now to seize the occasion, which was denied me in the session of yesterday, to say what justice demands of me as a man, and which I feel in no way derogatory to my very decided principles as an Irishman.

"I am, sir, yours, &c., Robert Emmet."

One of his friends, then a prisoner at Kilmainham, obtained access to him on the day of his execution, and found him engaged in reading the litanies of the Church of England. Robert's first thought was to obtain news of his mother, who had, he knew, been ill ever since his arrest. She had borne like a Roman matron the exile of her eldest son; and the letters which she addressed to him at the time of his imprisonment in 1798 are moving on account of the restrained feeling they reveal, in connection with her dread of asking of him any sacrifice contrary to his dignity. "Do not be uneasy," she says, "your honor is as safe in our hands as in your own." But when she saw the youngest and the most beloved of all her children, the pride and the joy of her life, devoted to a cruel death, grief and the continual apprehension of the frightful fate which awaited him, soon terminated her life. She died three days before her son's execution. At the news of his mother's death, Robert Emmet kept silence for a few moments. At length he said, "it is better that it should be so." Then he added, with a sigh, that he had the hope of seeing her in heaven, and spoke of it no more. But these last words naturally leading the conversation to religious subjects, he told his friends that he adhered to the articles of faith taught by his Church. "His hopes of salvation rested on no merits of his own, but solely on the sacrifice of his Savior, who had chosen to die for him by the ignominious death of the cross." He said they had come that very morning to carry away all edged tools from his cell. The precaution was needless, for he disapproved of suicide. He regarded it as an honor and a privilege to die for a good cause; and as to the prejudice which affixes a sort of infamy to the death that awaited him, it mattered little to him when he reflected that Russell and Algernon Sidney had mounted the scaffold for the same cause as his own. Reverting then to politics, he told his friend that, for his own part, he had always distrusted the alliance with France. It was in some sort in spite of himself that he had consented to treat with the First Consul, and he had no great confidence in the negotiations of that time. He hoped that there would one day be found courage and patriotism enough in Ireland to enable her to be her own deliverer. For the rest, referring to his speech on his trial, he said that if he had been allowed to speak freely, he should have been happy to do justice to the mildness of the existing administration.

The last letter he wrote, an hour before he went to the scaffold, was addressed to Mr. Richard Curran, who had, it would seem, in some way, signified to him his forgiveness of the past.

This letter is as follows:

"My dear Richard: I see I have hardly an hour longer to live; but although it were my last moment and the power of speech already abandoned me, I would still thank you in the depths of my heart for your generous expressions of affection and forgiveness. If there were a man on earth whose right it was to cherish, even after my death, a spark of resentment against me, it would be yourself. I had deeply offended you. I had destroyed the happiness of a sister whom you love, one formed to render others happy, and not to be herself the prey of affection. Oh, Richard, I have but one excuse to offer; it is, that I meant the contrary to all this. All the happiness that the most ardent love could wish for the one beloved, I desired for Sarah. I never told you how much I loved her. It was not the mad passion of youth, but an attachment hourly increasing through the admiration and respect inspired in me by her distinguished intellect and by the purity of her soul. I secretly hoped that we should one day be united. For myself, I should never have desired place or honor. I should have cared for no one's praise; but I could have wished to read in the glow of Sarah's countenance that her husband was respected.

"It is not thus, my love, that I ought to have repaid your affection. I hoped to have been the unshaken prop around which that affection should have twined itself; but a rude blast has broken it, and it has now no shelter but the tomb.

"This is no time for giving way to grief. I have political reasons which have helped to sustain my soul, and I have not yielded to dejection. But there have been hours during my imprisonment when I was so overwhelmed with affliction, at the thought of her, that death would have been a relief.

"May God bless you, dear Richard. I am obliged to stop now. Robert Emmet."

This letter seems to have been addressed to the brother, to be shown to the sister. "It was written," says Richard Curran, "at mid-day, an hour before Mr. Emmet's execution, and the firmness and regularity of the handwriting afford a striking and affecting proof that his nerves were no more shaken than his heart by impending death."

One may see in these lines, where the shadow of death mingles with the liveliest consciousness of existence, where passion veils itself in tenderness almost maternal, that Robert Emmet for one single time allows himself to show some regret for the life he is leaving at twenty-three years old. His ardent attachment to Miss Curran seems to be the only tie it cost him pain to break. This noble and courageous young man showed, moreover, such resignation in view of so sad a fate that he did not even say, like André Chenier, "what a pity!—there was something there!"—never once complaining of so severe a destiny.

At one o'clock, he sent word to the sheriffs that he was ready. When they entered his room, he told them he had two favors to ask. The first was that they would, if possible, leave him the free use of his arms. "I hardly hope," he continued, "that the second request will be granted me, but I wish it to be recollected that I made it. It is, that I may die in the uniform of the rebel army." This was a last way of testifying that he gloried in the cause for which he suffered. The first request was granted—the second, of course, refused. He was dressed, as during his trial, in black, with velvet cravat and Hessian boots.

A remarkable example of his command over himself, and over others, was noticed as he quitted the prison. The gentleness and charm of his manners had gained him the affection of all who came near him. But there was one in particular, an official of the prison, attached to his person, who felt that sort of passion for him, with which superior merit sometimes inspires rude and gross natures. As he left the prison, followed by the sheriffs and preceded by the executioner, this man met him in the passage, floods of tears running down his face. Emmet paused a moment in suspense at this unexpected burst of grief; then, as his hands were not quite free, kissed him on the cheek; and this man, hardened by twenty years to prison horrors, fell senseless at his feet. "When the young rebel left the prison," says *The Nation*, "with a face as bright and calm as that of an angel, the jailer fell senseless at his feet." Thus every inequality of life, even that moral inequality, the greatest and the most mysterious of all, fades before the supreme equity of death.

There had been apprehension of a popular movement, and Dublin was thronged with troops. The crowd blocked the streets and windows. The carriage which bore Robert Emmet to the scaffold advanced slowly, preceded and followed by regiments of cavalry and infantry. "You would have thought it was a military funeral," says Madden, "and that the young man in the carriage was present as a stranger at the ceremony, interchanging from time to time a friendly look with those he recognized among the crowd. During the whole way he showed, not an affected indifference, but an unostentatious courage; or rather, what astonished those who saw it (and I know several persons, still living, who were present at the execution), an evident ignorance of the very sentiment of fear, joined to a righteous pride in dying for a good cause." Robert Emmet recognized one of his friends, on the way, to whom he made signs to approach, and gave him a letter addressed to Miss Curran. The action was seen and the person arrested. The letter never reached its address.

The scaffold was erected at the entrance to Thomas street, where the insurrection begun, that the expiation might take place on the same spot that witnessed the crime. An immense multitude pressed round the scaffold, and there were several of Emmet's friends in the crowd, eager to gather his last words. He descended from the carriage, followed by the executioner, the sheriffs and the Protestant minister who accompanied him, and rapidly mounted the ladder to the platform, which was not very high above the ground. It had been supposed that he would address the people; but friends and enemies were alike disappointed. In the few words he said, he avoided all allusion to politics, and simply spoke thus: "My friends, I die in peace, and in sentiments of love and charity towards all men." "These words, briefly spoken, in a firm and sonorous voice, were the last accents that we heard," says his ancient college friend, Mr. H., "of that voice which, in his wonderful speeches upon a very different theatre, had so often charmed and carried us out of ourselves." It was supposed to be the intention of his last words to calm the irritation that his death would occasion among the people, and to dissipate all ideas of vengeance against the judges. Assassinations have often, as is well known, been the reprisals of the Irish against tyranny.

Robert Emmet then took off his cravat, and aided in adjusting the cord around his neck. When all was over, the executioner cut down the lifeless body, and stretched it out on the scaffold. Those who beheld it were astonished at the beautiful and touching expression which the young martyr preserved in the grasp of a cruel death. There was no alteration whatever, but the most perfect tranquility in those features

"Where fleeting pain had left its grace,
And death had stamped his majesty."

The executioner then struck off the head, and, showing it to the people, cried out, "Behold the head of Robert Emmet, a traitor!" The crowd only replied by a gloomy silence.

"And thus," says Madden, "did we see struggling with the agony of the most cruel and degrading death a young, amiable and generous being, admirably endowed, and guilty only of having loved his country 'not wisely, but too well.' If he had succeeded, it would have been said of him that he loved it well and wisely. Thus to see mutilated and profaned under our eyes the noblest works of God is a spectacle to make angels weep."

After the troops had left the place, many, who had at first rapidly retired, were seen returning, and anxiously looking. Meanwhile, from side to side, they drew near the scaffold, and dipped their handkerchiefs in the blood and bid them in their bosoms.

The coffin was for some hours placed in the prison, where the jailer waited for the relatives and friends to come and claim it. But the friends and relatives of Robert Emmet were, for the most part, in prison or in flight, and those who had escaped the general disaster feared, by showing themselves, to attract the attention of the government. After waiting in vain for some hours, the body was interred in the hospital field, set apart for paupers and criminals. A few days afterwards, the body was secretly removed, by night, to the Church of St. Michan. Madden, who visited the spot, remarked, at the extremity of the church, a large slab of marble, without inscription, placed horizontally upon a tomb. It is the largest in the church, and the only one uninscribed. "Is that," he asks, "the tomb which is to be left without an epitaph, till other men and other times do justice to him whom it enfolds in its bosom?" The church is silent and deserted even to this day, but above that tomb hover the veiled genii of youth and love and liberty, reproaching a forgetful country with its ungrateful abandonment.

It is the epitaph of the first hero of a conquered cause which should be written on tombs like those of Kosciusko and Robert Emmet; illustrious and revered victims for whom futurity itself has in reserve no success

"——Si pergama dextra
Defendi possent——"

To a speechless sorrow soon succeeded a cry of pity and admiration, which this heroic death extorted even from enemies. "Emmet mounted firmly to the scaffold," wrote the Lord Lieutenant to his government. "He drowned the ignominy of his death in the magnanimity of his conduct. The same enthusiasm that led him astray helped him to support with constancy the last severity of fate." This is noble language, which does Lord Hardwick honor. In the bosom of the English Parliament Lord Castlereagh found utterance worthy of his best days in 1798.

"The wrongs of Ireland!" cried he, "who talks of the wrongs of Ireland? Do you know what they want in Ireland? Ask that young man who found no better use for his fortune than in overthrowing the government of his country, and who has just expiated his crime on the scaffold. Whatever he may have said on his trial, I doubt not his intent was to deliver up Ireland to France and to bring over the French army." A few days after, General Russell followed Robert Emmet to the scaffold. "About to appear in the holy presence of God," he said, in his last speech, "I can affirm that I have done no wrong in obeying the inspirations of my conscience. If I needed an example to encourage me in submission to my fate, I should find it in that of the young hero, my great and dear friend, Robert Emmet, who has just perished, a martyr to the cause of liberty and of his country. I have already descended into the vale of years, I have learned the vanity of life, and the illusions of the world; but he was in the first bloom of his youth, surrounded by all that makes life dear, with the tenderest affection and all the enchantments of innocence and passion in his heart. Even at this hour I cannot think of his death without enthusiasm."

But what became of the proud, delicate, timid being, whose love for him had become known to the world? Exiled from the paternal roof, she had found refuge in a Quaker family, that of Mr. Penrose, of Woodhill, who received her with the utmost tenderness, and lavished upon her every mark of affection and sympathy. The complicated grief of Miss Curran's situation is more easily felt than described. During the revolution there have been many women who have "felt the sword in their souls," seeing the men they loved perish on the scaffold. But at least there was nothing complex in their feelings or their circumstances. A deep interest was felt in the unhappy fate of Miss Curran, in the hearts of the whole Irish people. The widow of a hero who had died for his country, she became the object of a silent adoration; but she was surrounded by English society which, while pitying Robert Emmet, thought he had deserved his fate. It is related that the young girl, so desolate and so bereft, often left this gay world at nightfall, and passed whole nights at the tomb of her lover. Here I cannot but remind my readers of the affecting pages entitled "The Broken Heart," which have been consecrated by Washington Irving to the memory of this fatal love.

Washington Irving sketches a scene which took place, not at a ball, but at a soiree at the house of Mr. Penrose. It is exactly true, save a very few details, which may be suppressed, as not in conformity with facts; and the more history is like a romance, the more careful should we be not to admit romance into history; thus taking away at once its interest and its originality.

Some years after, at the house of Mr. Penrose, Miss Curran became acquainted with Captain Sturgeon, an officer of the English army and nephew of Lord Fitzwilliam, who was deeply touched by her beauty, her sorrow and her utter isolation. Full of delicacy, sensibility and high-mindedness, he was moved with the idea of sheltering one so deserted and friendless, and dependent on the compassion of strangers. He offered his hand and fortune, which she refused. On his persisting in his suit, she came to the frankest explanation with him, telling him that her heart belonged to another. He entreated to be allowed to serve her as a protector in a world where she was so utterly friendless, and at length prevailed with the purpose of taking her away from Ireland, where she had suffered so much. When she departed for Italy, her health was already fatally undermined by grief. Admiral Napier, who knew this noble and interesting being at Naples, always spoke of her as "the walking statue." The change of climate, the tender care of her husband, all were useless. She died a few months after her arrival in Sicily. In the words of Moore,

"She is far from the land where her young hero sleeps,
And lovers around her are sighing;
But coldly she turns from their gaze and weeps,
For her heart in his grave is lying.

"He had lived for his love, for his country he died;
They were all that to life had entwined him;
Nor soon shall the tears of his country be dried,
Nor long shall his love stay behind him.

"Oh! make her a grave where the sunbeams rest,
When they promise a glorious morrow;
They'll shine o'er her sleep like a smile from the west,
From her own loved island of sorrow."

The Irish melodies are Moore's true title to immortality. There, said Byron, has he conquered his right to imperishable glory. They will live as long as Ireland and poetry and music shall last. There only has his flexible and graceful genius—brilliant at once and frail, with more in its coloring of splendor than of truth—been really original. One may trace the history of the rebellion in the melodies of Moore. The soul of a nation murmurs in his verse. There its grief, its wrath, its vague and fiery hopes are sounding still, like echoes of the groaning forest shaken by the wind. Of these melodies, the most beautiful are the ones consecrated to the memory of Robert Emmet. The following, so remarkable for the elegance and perfection of its expression, is so well known that it is almost useless to quote it.

"Oh! breathe not his name, let it sleep in the shade
Where cold and unhonored his relics are laid.
Sad, silent and dark be the tears that we shed,
As the night-dew that falls on the grass o'er his head.

"But the night-dew that falls, though in silence it weeps,
Shall brighten with verdure the grave where he sleeps;
And the tear that we shed, though in secret it rolls,
Shall long keep his memory green in our souls."

Elsewhere Moore commingles the two passions which animated the young hero's life, and, apostrophizing Ireland and Miss Curran as one, he adjures them not to be ungrateful to the memory of him who died for their sakes.

"When he who adores thee has left but the name
Of his faults and his sorrows behind,
Oh! say, wilt thou weep when they darken the fame
Of a life that for thee was resigned?
Yes, weep, and, however my foes may condemn,
Thy tears shall efface their decree;
For Heaven can be witness, though guilty to them,
I have been but too faithful to thee!"

There is not a peasant in Ireland, bending under the weight of years, who does not know and repeat the verses of Moore. More than his talents, than his courage, than his devotedness to his country, has his love made the history of Robert Emmet popular in Ireland. So the name of Heloisa has kept Abeillard alive in the imagination of the people of Paris. Hardly was the tomb closed upon the two lovers, when legend and poesy took possession of their sad, romantic course. There is a popular song called Miss Curran's Lament, which is not without grace and pathos in its simplicity.

The memory of Robert Emmet was no less popular in America than in Ireland, and is even yet venerated there as that of a martyr. His portrait, trampling under foot the crown of England, was one of the signs most frequently seen; and during elections, he often figures on their banners by the side of General Jackson, Washington and Franklin. "To this day," says *The Nation*, "they learn his last speech in their schools. It is the gospel of rebellion against Ireland." When, amid the wondrous toil of a rising civilization, men traverse half-cleared plains and cities springing up, as by enchantment, on the banks of mighty streams, penetrating to the cabins of the Irish who have gone by the hundred thousand to seek a happier fate in a second native land, they find, hung above the hearth, the portrait and the speech of Robert Emmet, to protect the humble roof. Like the savages of the Mississippi, these people have borne with them the bones of their fathers to the foreign shore.

In 1834 a club was founded in New York to celebrate the memory of Lord Edward Fitzgerald and the defenders of Irish liberty. On the 20th of September, the day of Robert Emmet's execution, the hall was hung with black, and all the members, dressed in mourning, united before the great portrait presented to the club by his family, and drank in silence to his memory.

The fame of Thomas Addis Emmet's talents and sufferings went before him to the United States, and secured him the most honorable reception.

He became a member of the New York Bar, and was selected by the Society of Friends to plead the cause of the slaves, and commenced by an eloquent discourse that brilliant career which was to be at once an honor to America and to his native country.

He became attorney-general of the State of New York, and might have been a member of Congress had he wished it.

The subjoined letter was addressed by him to Mr. Burrowes, the defender of Robert and the passonate admirer of his eloquence, the former patriot of the House of Commons, who had since become a member of the English administration in Ireland:

"I should rejoice sincerely, my dear friend, at your recent nomination, if I did not see by the side of your name those of men whom I cannot think of without feeling my heart rise with indignation and disgust, whatever may have been my former friendship for them. But you ask me a question, at the close of your letter, which I confess would have greatly astonished me if I did not know your habitual absence of mind. 'Do you not mean to come, one day, and see us in Ireland, or to send your children thither?' asks an influential member of the government of one proscribed and in exile, whose return would put him instantly under sentence of death! A man who wished to return would hasten to reply to what he might take for an overture, but that is not my case. I am established here, with the most brilliant prospects for myself and children. My principles and my misfortunes have secured to me the friendship and esteem of the principal men of this State and of the Union in general. I am respected in proportion to my love and devotedness to those principles, in which every day's experience and observation confirms me. Shall I return where these same principles are regarded as criminal? where they have occasioned my being condemned to a perpetual proscription? Besides, my dear friend, I am too proud, being vanquished, to grace the chariot wheel of the conqueror. With what feelings should I return to Ireland! I should be walking there among graves—the graves of my nearest relatives and dearest friends. No—I could only return in circumstances which would not be agreeable to my old friends now in the service of the government. As to my children, I hope they love liberty too well even to establish themselves in a slave country. There lives not now in Ireland a man who bears the name of Emmet; and I hope there never will while it remains united to England; and yet that name will be, perhaps, remembered in its history."

"England would do well," adds Grattan, who publishes this letter, "not to send too many such enemies to those coasts." Thomas Addis Emmet died in 1827, in his sixty-fourth year. His funeral was attended with the same honors as those of Washington and Franklin, and on his tomb was engraved the following inscription, in English and Latin:

IN MEMORY OF
THOMAS ADDIS EMMET,
WHO EXEMPLIFIED IN HIS CONDUCT AND ADORNED BY HIS INTEGRITY THE POLICY AND PRINCIPLES OF THE UNITED IRISHMEN, "TO FORWARD A BROTHERHOOD OF AFFECTION, A COMMUNITY OF RIGHTS, AN IDENTITY OF INTERESTS, AND A UNION OF POWER, AMONG IRISHMEN OF EVERY RELIGIOUS PERSUASION; AS THE ONLY MEANS OF IRELAND'S CHIEF GOOD, AN IMPARTIAL AND ADEQUATE REPRESENTATION IN AN IRISH PARLIAMENT."
FOR THIS (MYSTERIOUS FATE OF VIRTUE!) EXILED FROM HIS NATIVE LAND,
HE FOUND A SECOND COUNTRY, WHICH PAID HIS LOVE BY REVERENCING HIS GENIUS.
LEARNED IN OUR LAWS AND IN THE LAWS OF EUROPE, IN THE LITERATURE OF OUR TIMES AND IN THAT OF ANTIQUITY, ALL KNOWLEDGE SEEMED SUBJECT TO HIS USE.
AN ORATOR OF THE FIRST ORDER, CLEAR,
COPIOUS, FERVID, ALIKE POWERFUL TO KINDLE THE IMAGINATION, TOUCH THE
AFFECTIONS AND SWAY THE REASON AND THE WILL, SIMPLE IN HIS TASTES, UNASSUMING IN HIS MANNERS,
FRANK, GENEROUS, KIND-HEARTED AND HONORABLE, HIS PRIVATE LIFE WAS BEAUTIFUL AS HIS PUBLIC COURSE WAS BRILLIANT.
ANXIOUS TO PERPETUATE THE NAME AND EXAMPLE OF SUCH A MAN, ALIKE ILLUSTRIOUS BY HIS GENIUS, HIS VIRTUES AND HIS FATE, CONSECRATED TO THEIR AFFECTIONS BY HIS PERILS AND HIS SACRIFICES AND
THE DEEPER CALAMITIES OF HIS KINDRED IN A JUST AND HOLY CAUSE,
HIS SYMPATHIZING COUNTRYMEN ERECTED THIS MONUMENT AND CENOTAPH.
Born at Cork, 4th April, 1764.
He died in this city, 14th November, 1827.

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE DAUGHTER OF ROBERT BURNS.

Few people seem to be aware that we have still a daughter of Robert Burns, the great Scottish poet, in existence amongst us, and resident in our own immediate neighborhood. Such, however, is the case. We have still one link of the poet's varied love-chain—one feminine link—who still "lives and moves and has her being" in this our land of cakes—the land which her father's genius has done so much to elevate and adorn. That individual is Mrs. John Thomson (Elizabeth Burns), the wife of an intelligent, honest, and, while bodily health was permitted him, industrious weaver in the village of Pollokshaws, in the vicinity of this city. Mrs. Thomson had the misfortune—for to her in many respects it must be regarded as a misfortune—to have been born under the "bar sinister." Her mother was Annie Park, one of the passionate poet's many loves, and the heroine of that most glowing of all his songs:

Yestreen I had a pint of wine,
In place where body saw na;
Yestreen lay on this breast o' mine,
The gowden locks of Anna.

Upon the particulars of that unhappy amour it needs not that we should make anything like lengthened remark. It was a pain and a sorrow to the poet, in the gathering gloamin' of his life, when he was a man more sinned against than sinning; a pain and a bitter sorrow to poor Annie Park, and the source of many a tear and sigh, through a long life, to poor wee Betty Burns. She was not uncared for, however, nor neglected in her infancy and youth. The little innocent lassie bairn—innocent, whatever may have been the errors of others—was taken home to the poet's house, and found in Jean Armour—all honor to her memory—a kindly, attentive and indulgent mother. Mrs. Thomson remembers her father, and her father's fireside. She can still recall his form and features, and his glowing dark eyes, although he was then falling into the sear and yellow leaf—and that before half his harvest was gathered. Betty Burns continued after her father's death to be a member of the family.

Judging from the best authenticated portraits, we have no hesitation in saying that Mrs. Thomson more closely resembles her illustrious father than any of his other children. We have been in company with two of the poet's sons, we have seen Mrs. Begg, the poet's sister, and one of her daughters; but none of them at all approach so closely in resemblance to the bard as Mrs. Thomson and her family. The eldest son is a living *fac simile*, and possesses no inconsiderable share of his grandfather's spirit and genius. Mrs. Thomson is now wearing towards the threescore and ten; and is, consequently, waxing helpless and frail. Her husband is several years her senior, and, in consequence of declining health, is now unable to pursue his ordinary vocation.—*Ayr (Scotland) Advertiser, Jan. 6.*

THE BEST GIFT.

BY PHŒBE CARY.

I would not smother if I could
Love's inextinguishable fires,
So, banishing from out my heart
The sacredest of life's desires.

I can walk onward and endure,
Whether the way be smooth or rough;
But will not school myself to think
Life's round of duties is enough.

Over my eyes, most sad to-day,
My tresses as they will may fall,
A hand to put them softly back
I've only dreamed of, that is all.

God gives his children many gifts,
And very precious are the rest,
But this I say, with unkissed lips,
That love is better than the best.

LECTURES AND LECTURERS.

A lecture upon this promising subject was lately delivered by an excellent reverend gentleman, in which, among many good things, there were some other things neither very good nor very true. The most important of these was the statement that many of the best lecturers had withdrawn, and others would probably yet withdraw, from the Lyceum, because they were put in company with vagrom men of various kinds, who, under fine flowers of rhetoric, concealed transcendentalism, infidelity and other wickedness, and who were altogether heretics and Lollards.

Now what different views honest men may take of the same subject! The Lounger has been interested in the study of the Lyceum and the lecture-system for some time, and the result of his extended and careful observation is, that the Lyceum has constantly grown in earnestness and freedom of thought and discussion, and that, consequently, the men who are noted for a generous humanity (which is often called "infidelity," as if those who loved and tried to help men were disbelievers in the love of God), and for a fearless and eloquent expression of the widest sympathy, are the very men who are sought more and more by the Lyceums every year, and are sure to gather the largest crowds and sow the seed of thought and life among them.

While, on the other hand, the speakers who dexterously avoid all allusion to grave and universal principles and the subjects that interest their audiences—who aim only to tickle the ear, and who excite a smile—who, by natural perversity or by ghastly conviction, are set against human progress and the sweet sympathies of a common life and nature, rolling themselves up in their prickly little dogmas, like porcupines in their quilla—are steadily, year by year, less sought or desired by the great popular heart and mind.

The fact carries its own moral. A man may travel from Bangor to St. Louis between the 1st of November and the 1st of March, and in every town and village and city, on some evening in every week, may hear one or more lectures. Let him remember who are the most popular speakers, and note *why* they are so; and then say whether it is because they tell pretty lies, or because they say things which the popular conscience at once affirms, and hears more eagerly because it has heard so seldom.

As for the best lecturers withdrawing, it would be a difficult thing for the excellent speaker in question to name a single public lecturer who has any claim at all to be considered among the best, who has left the Lyceum for the reason assigned. That many *have* left it is true enough. But when the Lounger was lately engaged in studying the Lyceum in a certain large inland city, and asked a friend whether a late distinguished politician resident in that city had "withdrawn" from politics, his friend replied, "He certainly has nothing to do with them at present, but probably he himself would like amazingly to know whether he has withdrawn or been dropped!"—*George W. Curtis, in Harper's Weekly.*

MR. PRESCOTT'S METHOD OF LITERARY LABOR.

Everything that relates to the historical labors of the late William H. Prescott is of general interest. We have, therefore, prepared a somewhat minute sketch of the method of preparation and composition adopted by the deceased, by which he was enabled to overcome his impaired vision, and to place his name among historians of the very first rank. Mr. Prescott, it is well known, though not blind, was affected with a disorder of the nerve of the eye, so that he was wholly incapacitated for reading and writing in the ordinary ways. He was exceedingly systematic in his mode of life, and devoted five hours out of the twenty-four to his historical labors. After breakfast he listened for an hour to some light reading, a novel, poem, or other entertaining book. He then walked for an hour. At half-past ten o'clock his secretary came to his study and remained till twelve o'clock. Another walk of an hour was then taken, after which he went to his study and remained another hour and a half with his secretary. After dinner, light reading was again resorted to, and at six o'clock the secretary returned and remained until eight. This routine of work and leisure was very rigidly observed throughout the season, during the years devoted to the preparation of his elaborate volumes.

Mr. Prescott's mode of writing history was this: we will take, for example, his last work, "Philip the Second." He arranged in his study all the books and manuscripts relating to that monarch, which he had been years in collecting, at an expense of many thousand dollars. They numbered three or four hundred printed volumes of all sizes. There were also some twenty thick folios of manuscripts, richly bound, which probably cost more than all the rest of the collection, though some of the printed works are exceedingly rare and valuable—the libraries and bookstores of all Western Europe, from Cadiz to Amsterdam, having been ransacked by agents in search of everything that could throw light on the history of Philip the Second. Except dictionaries and other works of reference, books not specially relating to the subject in hand were excluded from the study.

With his materials thus gathered about him, the Historian commenced his work. The secretary first read the only English history of the King and his Reign. Notes and observations were dictated as they were suggested by the book. Having freshened his recollections by hearing this volume read, Mr. Prescott proceeded to examine the treasures he had collected. Each book was taken from the shelf in turns by the secretary, who read aloud its title, its table of contents, and a few pages by way of specimen of its style and character. Notes were taken while this examination was going on, which were preserved for future reference. Of the three or four hundred volumes, a great majority, of course, proved worthless, being either merely repetitions, or compilations or translations of preceding authors, or else, if original, without authority. The number of books of real value would be thus reduced down perhaps to a hundred.

The huge folios of MSS. were next attacked. These had been examined by a competent person, who prepared a careful digest and table of contents. The secretary read this, and notes were dictated as he proceeded. Having thus, as it were, taken an account of stock, and ascertained the general character of his materials, they were next inspected in detail in the following manner: The first chapter of Philip the Second contains an account of the abdication and last days of his father and predecessor, Charles the Fifth. The secretary gathered round him every volume, printed or MSS., which contained anything about the last named monarch. The books are in the English, French, Spanish, Italian and Latin languages. One by one they were read aloud, and copious notes were dictated. When everything that related to Charles the Fifth had thus been perused and noted, the historian began to compose his work, or, more properly speaking, to write it, for the process of composition had of course been going on in his mind during these preparatory labors.

The apparatus used by Mr. Prescott consisted of a frame the size of a common sheet of letter paper, with brass wires inserted to correspond with the number of lines marked. Thin carbonated paper was used, and instead of a pen the writer employed a stylus with an agate point. The great difficulty in the way of a person's writing in the ordinary manner, whose vision is impaired, arises from not knowing when the ink is exhausted, and moreover the lines will be run into one another. Both difficulties are obviated by the simple arrangement just described. The pages thus written by Mr. Prescott were copied by the secretary, and read, that such interlineations, alterations and amendments might be made as were needed. The materials for the second chapter, on the early life of Philip, were next taken up, and the same process repeated, until the volume is ready for the printer. About six years were devoted to the first two volumes of Philip the Second, including the preparatory studies. These volumes appeared in 1855, the third of the series was issued within a few weeks, and it is understood that the fourth is considerably advanced.

The Hon. George Bancroft, in an eloquent tribute to his friend, before the New York Historical Society, thus referred to the studious and systematic habits of Mr. Prescott: "His habits were methodically exact; retiring early and ever at the same hour, he rose early alike in winter and in summer at the appointed moment, rousing himself instantly, though in the soundest sleep, at the first note of his alarm bell; never giving indulgence to lassitude or delay. To the hours which he gave to his pursuits he adhered as scrupulously as possible, never lightly suffering them to be interfered with; now listening to his reader; now dictating what was to be written; now using his own eyes sparingly for reading; now writing by the aid of simple machinery devised for those who are in darkness; now passing time in thoughtfully revolving his great theme.

"The excellence of his productions is, in part, transparent to every reader. Compare what he has written with the most of what others have left on the same subjects, and Prescott's superiority beams upon you from the contrast. The easy flow of his language and the faultless lucidity of his style may make the reader forget the unremitting toil which the narrative has cost; but the critical inquirer sees everywhere the fruits of investigation rigidly pursued, and an impartiality and soundness of judgment, which give authority to every stutement, and weight to every conclusion."

Mr. Prescott's library was adorned with striking portraits of Ferdinand and Isabella—of Columbus—of Don Sebastian, King of Portugal—and of most of the characters that figure in his histories. He possessed original letters of Ferdinand, Isabella and Charles V., and a piece of lace from the shroud of Cortes. The historian did not usually write in his library, but in a small room over it, made very light to meet the wants of one whose sight was imperfect. When fully prepared to write, Mr. Prescott's daily task would average about *seven pages* of one of his printed volumes. Most persons with perfect vision would complain if they were daily compelled to copy seven pages from those charming books.

The thirteen volumes which comprise Mr. Prescott's works are noble monuments to his life of labor and study. With a knowledge of the facts concerning their preparation, as above given, who will not say all honor to the memory of the man whose patient toil, careful training, rare scholarship, and heroic devotion, produced the Histories of Ferdinand and Isabella, the Conquests of Mexico and Peru, and the Reign of Philip the Second!—*Boston Transcript.*

WILLIAM PENN.

Fearless of scorn, of bonds, of martyrdom,
The teacher, Penn, to priests and tyrants tells
Truth, heaven-derived, or drawn from deepest wells
Of thought and conscience, such as never come
To the mere book-man, seeking wealth or fame;
And if with them grave errors mingled he,
True love to man, transparent piety
For much of error may indulgence claim.
On mercy's errand to the western wild
The statesman comes, and 'neath the Treaty tree,
Taming the savage by his accents mild,
Rears a fair home for Truth and Liberty—
Faith, Justice, Peace, its sole, protecting bands,
Oh, shame to man! alone *this* builder stands.

B. F. Butler.

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